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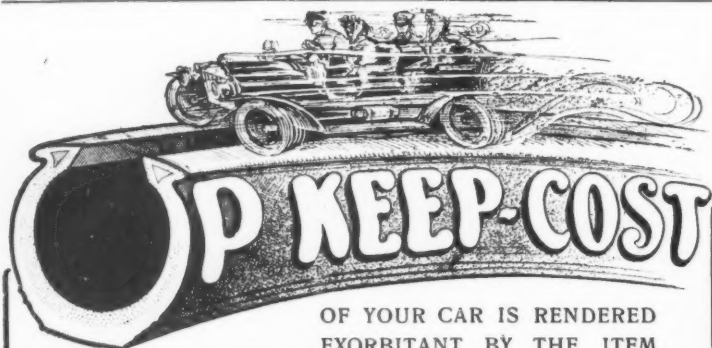
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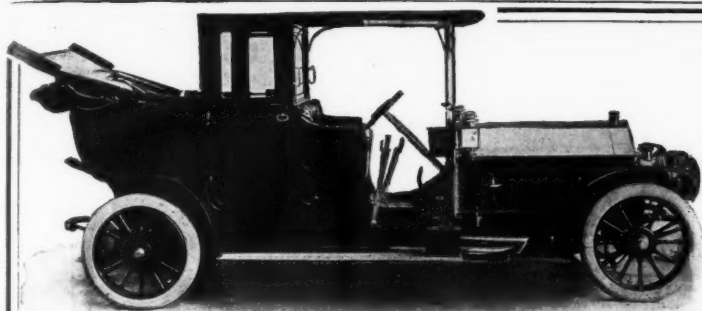


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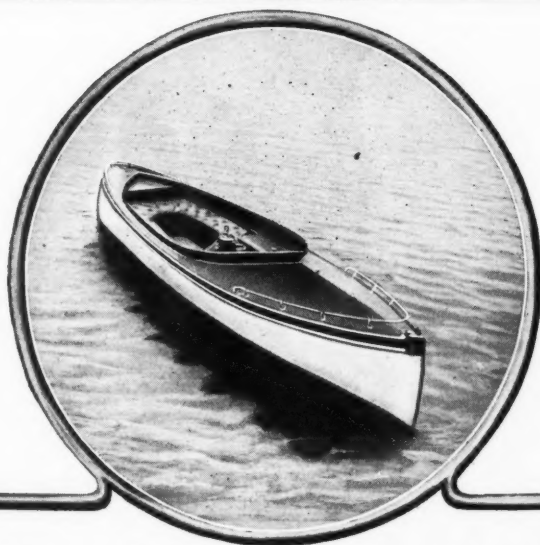
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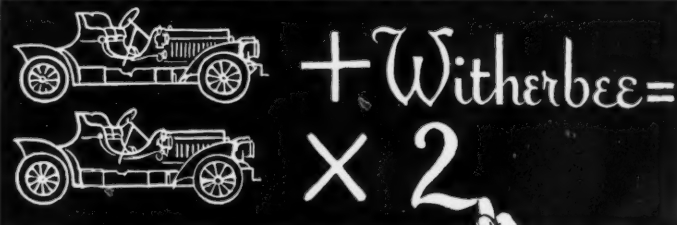
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The Literary Zoo.

WILLY-NILLY, and despite the friendly critical caution of Henry James, who has expressed himself pointedly on the subject of Theodore Roosevelt's literary style, our many-sided President is being forced into the limelight that beats upon the *litterateur*. "Good Hunting," ante-Presidential production, enables us to study his narrative style in the formative period, before he came under the influence of Andrew Carnegie and the *Congressional Record*. The manner is becomingly simple, and rather terse compared with the later manner of the Messages to Congress, but its orthography lacks distinction and even leans to the conventional. Through the medium of another publisher, the President is constrained to introduce us to Commander Peary's "Nearest the Pole." In collecting material for this book, Peary ventured as near the Pole as he possibly could without losing his notebooks and negatives, to say nothing of his life; and as he could not have made the venture without "The Roosevelt," the President could do no less than act as literary interlocutor.

A man of letters *malgre lui*, the President, presumably, has had no direct hand in editing "The Many-Sided Roosevelt," by George W. Douglas—a collection of anecdotes and stories concerning the Chief Magistrate; but the publishers "understand" that it has the Presidential sanction. To pave the way for its reception we submit two characteristic anecdotes of our own:

A light snow had fallen in Washington, says our informant, who was an eye-witness of the incident. Out in the suburbs the fall had been heavier, but within the city limits it scarcely covered the ground, and in some places the streets were quite bare. Suddenly, between the White House and the Treasury Department, an apparition burst into view. It was the President on skates, headed for the country. Cautious mortals of sporting proclivities would have deferred such an expedition; or, making it, would have compromised with the situation by taking a carriage or a street-car as far as the city limits. But to Precipitate Teddy the scant precipitation mattered not. A-skeeing he would go—and a-skeeing he went; a mere league or two of uncovered asphalt could not blunt that ambition. Tartarin of Tarascon was—but that may be irreverent.

More indirectly comes a reminiscence from a Washingtonian—of the days when General Bingham, now Police Commissioner of New York, was *major domo* of the



White House. The General, one morning, had occasion to see the President on pressing business, but the Nation's ruler was nowhere to be found. General Bingham searched high and low. Finally he walked around the outer wall of the Executive mansion, and there, in a convenient angle, stood the President of the United States—on his head.

THE discussion arising from similarity of theme in Jack London's "Before Adam" and Stanley Waterloo's earlier tale, "The Story of Ab," has not been confined to the critics and the chroniclers. The authors themselves have been threshing out the delicate question in an exchange of letters which are decidedly to the point, and which even border on the acrimonious. This correspondence has not been of a strictly confidential nature, and some of Mr. Waterloo's friends are chuckling over its climax, which takes the form of a breezy suggestion to Mr. London. "Now, see here, Jack," wrote, in effect, the creator of "Ab," "you know a lot of things that I don't know, and I know a lot of things that you don't know. Suppose, hereafter, each man confines himself to the subjects he's best informed about. Let me write about human beings, and you can write about dogs."

The originality of that suggestion is in itself indicative of genius, implying as it does an allotment of literary territory that would clear up the whole question of contemporary plagiarism, at least, and provide a specific field of endeavor for each prolific penman. It is all very well to say, with Miss Harraden's book-seller, "There are too many people writing books, and not enough people to dust them." The tribe of writers has been multiplying like rabbits in Australia ever since the making of books was averred to be "without end." From Genesis to the messages of our beloved President, the injunction "Go forth and multiply" has been hearkened by the literary clansmen until they are as the sands of the sea. Hence, it is only a question, sooner or later, of following Mr. Waterloo's suggestion to a logical conclusion. A few years ago a literary magazine made a map of the United States, assigning certain sections to authors who had acquired patent rights there—Owen Wister to Wyoming, Miss Murfree to Tennessee, Thomas Nelson Page to Virginia, etc. But this idea, of course, was incipient and crude. The crying need is not only for a physical division of territory—a division that in some instances shall not exceed in its extent certain city blocks—but an apportionment of subjects and mental bounds as well. Suggestions along these lines come crowding thick upon us, but the subject is far too big for exploitation here.

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RUSSIAN Cigaretts of quality are the first choice of cultivated Europeans and Orientals alike. Other cigarette have held the lead in America only because Russian Cigaretts of quality have not been offered before. The cigarette business in America has been in the hands of financiers—instead of connoisseurs. Americans have been "exploited" on cigarette, just as they have on other things—and as every new country is. It costs more to make a good Russian cigarette than any other—a good and sufficient reason to the financier for making other kinds.

But Americans are discriminating once given a chance to compare qualities. And Americans are rapidly finding out what Europeans have known for a long time—that a Russian cigarette of quality is the only one in the world worth the attention of connoisseurs. The Russians lead the world in quality and quantity of cigarette manufacture.

Makároff cigarette are blended by Russians, the only real artists at cigarette blending;—men whose traditions in the art are as fine, and high, and old, as those of the wine makers of France.

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The demand for smaller packages and wider distribution became such that we felt impelled to meet it. Gradually, therefore, the goods are being given to dealers in boxes of ten, at 15, 20 and 25 cents per box. Each grade is made both with and without the distinctive Russian mouthpiece.

Not all dealers have them—but the highest class stores in all cities are being supplied as rapidly as we can reach them with a necessarily limited output—limited because workmen to make these cigarette are not to be picked up casually in America.

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asking the return of any cigarette. Fair, isn't it? All I ask is a fair trial, at my risk.

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Special to Dealers:—If you are a dealer with a high-class trade, it will pay you to write me promptly about these goods. The supply is positively limited.

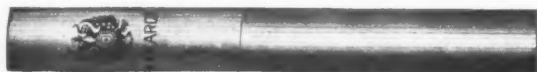
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A delicious beverage, more strengthening than any Malt Extract. Try it to-night for supper.

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bookmen, girdling the earth and jostling elbows and ideas. To paraphrase Mr. Gilbert:

Essayists are as thick as sprats,
And novelists in picture hats
Are plentiful as tabby-cats—
In point of fact, too many.
The dramatists spring up like hay,
And poets with a roundelay
Are only two-a-penny.

Brethren, let us get together, as Mr. Waterloo suggests, and cease this unseemly competition.

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS says some cheerful words in the March *Harper's* about the verse (he urbanely calls it poetry) which is published every month in forty-five American magazines. Each of these magazines, he says, prints from two to five poems of varying degrees of merit. They are not so good as the poetry of his youth—as the effusions of Mr. Fitz James O'Brian, of Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow, or of the Piatts; but they are, nevertheless, "songy, blythe, original," "true in feeling," "informal in phrasing," and reveal "a charming communion with nature."

* * *

THIS is high praise. Those of us who are not so fortunate as to be acquainted with the works of Mr. Fitz James O'Brian, or of Mr. Fitzhugh Ludlow (there must have been a good deal of royal blood trickling through the veins of American poets, in Mr. Howell's youth), cannot, of course, compare the present with the past. But to most of us the striking characteristic of magazine verse is its depressing sameness. It is all what the old compilers used to call "poetry of sentiment and reflection"; and it all suggests a pensive mood, a docile fancy, a careful consideration of adaptable words. If we read it, we cannot remember five minutes afterwards whether we have read it or not. Its real usefulness lies in filling up the half-pages which are left bare by the unaccommodating dimensions of stories and articles on Labrador or the Congo. If the editor cannot expand or contract his piece of prose to fit the Procrustean page, he throws in a spring lilt, or an autumn dirge, or a couple of verses about the summer wind or the woods in winter, and so makes a neat appearance before the world.

* * *

THE verses may, as Mr. Howells asserts, show "sound poetic thinking"; they may be "truthfully pathetic"; but the woods can hardly be distinguished from the wind; and the lilt is first cousin to the dirge; and not one line of any of them lingers in the reader's memory. If the Fitz Jameses and the Fitzhughs, "whom the best of the newest moderns cannot rival," struck a sturdier note, why is it not still resounding in our ears? A half-century is not too long for vital things to last.



MUD GUARDS



Thoughts and Fancies on Love

THE late Dr. Richard Garnett, an Englishman, was given to meditation on the tender passion. His communings with Cupid took the concrete form of 360 paragraphs—put forth diffidently and with privacy, at first, but afterward issued in the form of a little book, with a Latin title and a Greek motto, that has gone through three editions in England, and is now republished in this country by Thomas B. Mosher. It was in the fall that Dr. Garnett's fancies lightly turned to thoughts of love; the first two hundred thoughts of his, "De Flagello Myrteo," it appears, were written between September 14 and November 9—a poor record for a space-writer, but a pretty good one for a nonprofessional with an ancient theme. These are some of the things he set down:

Let the weak woman who would be strong seek one stronger than herself; but the weak man one weaker than himself.

Wail not too wildly for expiring Love:

The Love that dies was never quite alive.

Man and woman may only enter Paradise hand in hand. Together, the myth tells us, they left it and together must they return.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." If there is any exception to this divine maxim, it is the kiss of Love.

Yet even the loveless life, like the scentless rose, may be beautiful, but it cannot be sweet.

Eros did in one respect fail in his duty to Psyche: he gave her gems and pearls, scarves and zones, odors, unguents, kisses and embraces without number; but he never gave her anything to forgive.

Joy to forgive and joy to be forgiven

Hang level in the balances of Love.

Cupid can tame lions, but not himself.

She who puts up her lips to be kissed, would give, she who puts them down, would receive.

Woman's emotion was ever more intense than man's, but until lately, with rare exceptions, her powers of expression have been unequal to his. Now she has learned to give it voice and the poet is beginning to pale before the poetess.

There is no Virtue but is both a teacher and a learner in the school of Love.

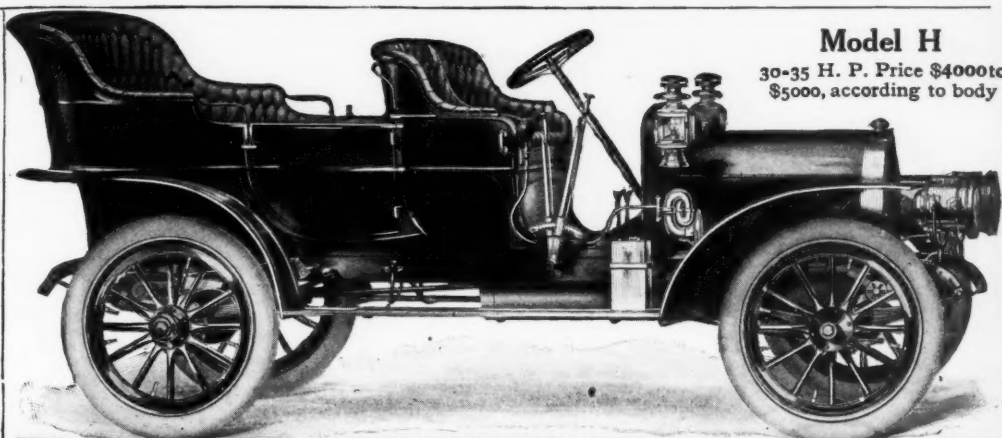
Psyche with her fault, and partly because of her fault, remains the embodiment of the Eternal Feminine, essential Woman in her frailty and her divinity.

The secret speech of Love and Love would be silence were it not music.

It is a moot point whether it be sweeter to hear from lips of Love what you know, or what you do not know.

Had Passion and Purity never encountered, Tenderness had never come into the world.

Seen by himself, Desire appears the least well-favored of the Gods; but when he is in Love's company, the two can hardly be distinguished.



Model H

30-35 H. P. Price \$4000 to \$5000, according to body

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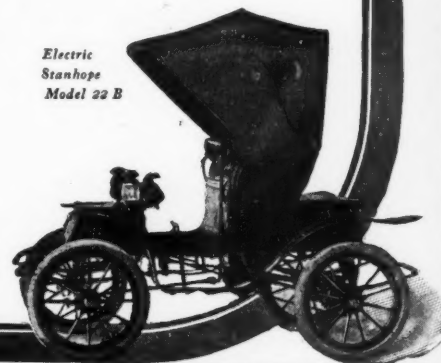
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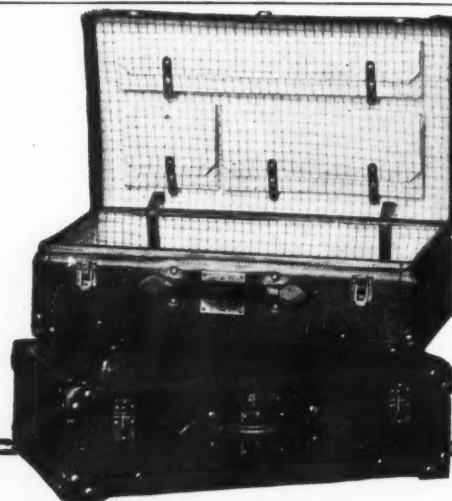
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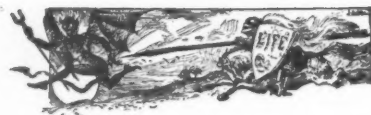
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LIFE



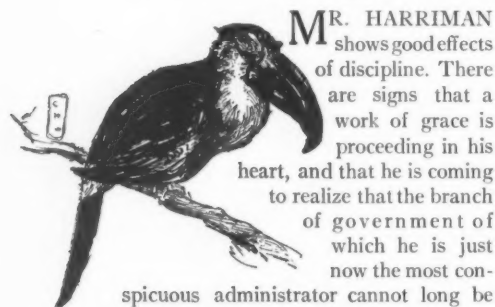
EASTER THOUGHTS



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. MARCH 21, 1907. No. 1273.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



MR. HARRIMAN shows good effects of discipline. There are signs that a work of grace is proceeding in his heart, and that he is coming to realize that the branch of government of which he is just now the most conspicuous administrator cannot long be satisfactorily conducted without the continuance and cooperation of the governed. Railroads have always been a branch of government, but it is only lately that they have begun to realize it. If a roadmaster who bosses the highways of his township is an officer of government, so, certainly, in essentials, is the responsible chief of the railroad which traverses that township and is chartered by the State of which the township is a part. He, too, is a public servant, and though he has large discretion as to the details of the services he renders and the rewards he shall exact for rendering them, when it comes to the final showdown it is not he that owns the public but the public that commands him.

Mr. Harriman seems to have been slow in getting this inexorable truth through his head, and has, doubtless, in some particulars, found a profit in his tardiness. Mr. Rockefeller and his friends were also slow in apprehending it, and also found a profit in ignoring it. Such men do not realize such facts until they have to. But just as Mr. Rockefeller, when the light had finally been pounded into him, began to mend his habits and come out to bask in it, so Mr. Harriman, after being castigated by pretty much everybody who could swing a stick, has made open confession that he has lived too much underground and has not respected as he should have done the concern of the public about his operations, nor been duly attentive to the importance of exchanging timely confidences with the people. He feels, at this writing, that it is high time

that the government, the railroads and the public ceased to pull against one another. By doing so, he points out, they have scared away money and made it excessively costly to borrow what they need. "If we had all met together on common ground," he says, "and cooperated for our mutual benefit, nobody would be worrying over the situation as it is to-day." So now Mr. Harriman is all ready, not merely to cooperate, but, as he says, to find his chief interest in the advancement of such a scheme of cooperation as will bring the government, the people and the railroads to a better understanding so that they may all work together for good.

This is a great improvement on the public-be-d—d sentiment which a railroad president was credited years ago with expressing and with which railroad presidents have been much too often in sympathy. It may still be, at times, a natural human sentiment in a railroad president, but certainly it seems to be no longer a safe one. It does credit to Mr. Harriman's intelligence—which has never been much questioned—that he should prefer to be the expounder of a moral tale rather than its illustration.

At this writing his appearance as the volunteer assistant of the President in the work of bringing the railroads and the people into safer and more profitable relations is a good and encouraging sign. It means that the railroads have turned to the Government for help, partly to better their languishing credit and partly, no doubt, for some protection against the action of various State legislatures, which in some States have interfered with them so much as to make it hard for them to do business.



IT WOULD be a hardship to have to discuss football and college sports at this time of year, when they are out of season and we have an abundance of other troubles. President Roosevelt's recent address at Cambridge, followed still more recently by President Eliot's allusion to the subject in his annual report, has brought the matter up, but even so, there is not much that is necessary to be said. President Eliot thinks

worse of football than President Roosevelt does, but as neither of them has control of even so much of football as concerns Harvard College, their disagreements are not critical. They agree, as most experienced observers do, on many more points relating to sports than they differ on. President Eliot thinks that football, though improved, is still too violent and hazardous a sport, and he does not care much whether it is reformed or expelled. President Roosevelt feels that if college football still shows bad defects in practice it must and shall be bettered and made good, and that it is altogether wrong to think of giving it up. **LIFE** agrees with the two presidents on all the points in which they agree, and on most of those in which they differ. But it is much too early in the year to reform football. We would rather know what the two presidents think about something else; how they stand, for example, on the seasonable and abiding question whether women's waists should any longer be suffered to be hooked up the back. That is, and has been for some years, a living issue in every stylish family. It is a fashion that causes immense loss of time and incites much ungentelemanly language. Yet when is it ever discussed with anything like the fervor and publicity that its importance merits? Everything that can possibly be said about football and the race question has been said abundantly, and both these problems are now well on the way to settle themselves. Football got notice last year that if it continued to be such a dangerous and stupid nuisance as it had been, it would be abated. The notice has had effect and still holds good.



THE Senate's committee to investigate the shooting up of Brownsville has shed very little light, as yet, on that subject, but it has revealed a most interesting condition of obscurity. The meager reports of the testimony given before it have the effect, as far as they go, of making readers honestly doubtful whether any members of the three companies of negro troops were concerned in the shooting at all. We hope the committee will continue its labors until it gets at some definite facts.



THE CHAUFFEUR'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

The Shepherdess

THE moon, a slim young shepherdess,
Lets down the cloudy bars,
And in the purple fields of night
Leads forth her flock of stars.

Minnie Irving.

Important Educational Project

SENATOR BEVERIDGE could not see how the Senate's Judiciary Committee made out that his Child-Labor bill is unconstitutional. That makes it the more gratifying to believe the report that the General Education Board has it under consideration to devote \$100,000 a year out of the income of Mr. Rockefeller's new thirty-two-million-dollar gift to the work of educating Senator Beveridge.

It is a good object, but the work contemplated is a vast one, and it is probable that the appropriation would have to be continued during the whole of Mr. Beveridge's continuance in the Senate. It is, perhaps, a question whether the money might not be spent to better advantage to the country in teaching rail-roading to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Books They Should Have Read

ROMEO—"In a Balcony."
Juliet—"Lady Montague's Letters."
Portia—"The Quality of Mercy."
Puck—"Puck of Pook's Hill."
Rosalind—"The Masquerader."
Desdemona—"Black Beauty."
Hamlet—"Ghosts."
Shylock—"Ten Thousand a Year."
Macbeth—"When All the Woods Are Green."
Richard—"The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse."
Henry VIII.—"Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are."
Benedict—"Beatrice of Venice."

Final Advice

"NOW, James," says the old physician to his son who has returned from medical college, and is about to set up for himself, "there is just one piece of advice I will give you, and if you follow it you cannot fail to be popular and successful."

"What is it, father?"

"Tell every woman that she needs a change of scene, and tell every man that he is working too hard."

Keep Mum

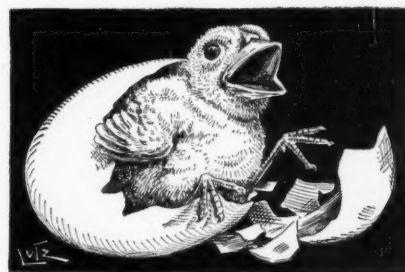
WOMEN, as women, are pretty much alike. They have the same hair, differing slightly only as to color and length; same features, same thoughts. When we love one of them, therefore, we are in reality loving them all. But it is just as well not to mention this.—From a recent issue of *Life*.

It's a poor rule that does not work both ways. Maybe you had better not mention it.
The Woman.

In Florida

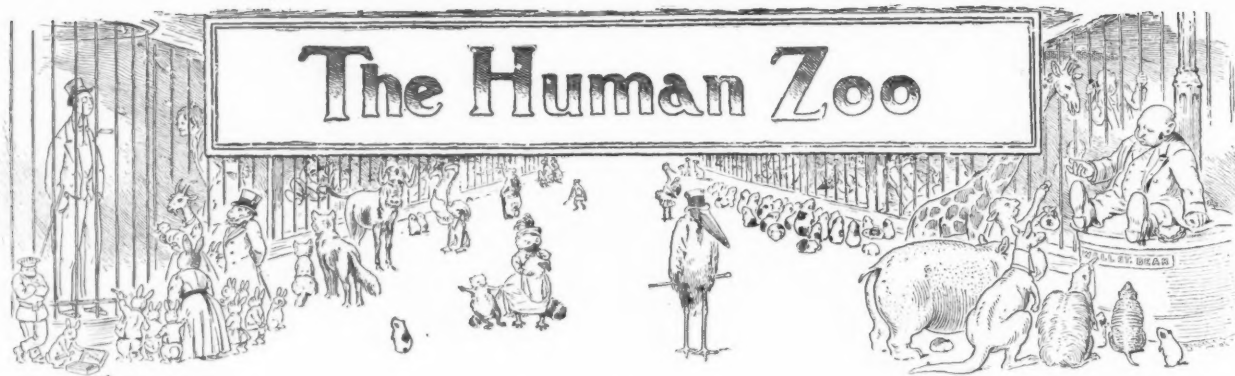
"ARE there any sharks around here, Captain?"

"I don't know. Never stopped at the hotel."



THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

"IS THIS FIFTH AVENUE, OR HAVE I THE MISFORTUNE TO BE BORN ON AVENUE A?"



Howells

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS was captured in prehistoric Indiana before the wise, or Ade age; he sprouted in Chicago, blossomed in Boston, and came to fruitage at Harper's Ferry, Franklin Square, New York; and in spite of environment, association and allurements, he has remained an American, calm, modest and tolerant even of Anglo-Saxony. He is the chemist of American literature, his mind a laboratory where the motives, passions, ambitions and activities of the American norm—the mediocrity—are examined, identified, classified and catalogued with critical art and gentle precision. The chronicler of small beer, the painter of the average, ordinary and mediocre, we meet our friends and neighbors between his covers; and flushing our own portraits in his pages, we console ourselves by saying: "A world of giants and geniuses, of heroes and hierarchs would make old earth a madhouse."

HOWELLS knows the common lot; and we know he knows us. He is naturalist and realist; he uses the micro-

scope to discern and detect, not the magnifying-glass to distort and deceive. The flat, the tepid and the tawdry are not for him; he gives us familiar folk without soiled hands or linen; but he gives us art and real people.

He has not written the Great American Novel; he has not perpetrated an historical novel; he has never elevated the stage; he has never told Bok how he did it; he has never been called the American Trollope. But he has attained his seventy years with so much of "sweetness and light" that he looms very large in comparison with others.

The path of Corey leads but to the grave.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Governor Hughes them as we will.

A New Ambassador

SELECTING Mr. James Bryce to be British Ambassador at Washington was one of the most substantial compliments that the British Government has ever paid to the United States. To get him, the Government went outside of its diplomatic service and took him from his duties, newly assumed, of Chief Secretary for Ireland. It sent him here as the man in all Great Britain best qualified to represent his country at Washington, and as the one likely to be most acceptable here to persons whose sympathy and liking were most important.

MR. BRYCE'S official duty here is to see that Great Britain gets in all particulars what ought to be coming to her from the United States, and that all matters that may be in dispute between the two countries are wisely and justly settled. But, besides that, he is a messenger of British civilization to our civilization;

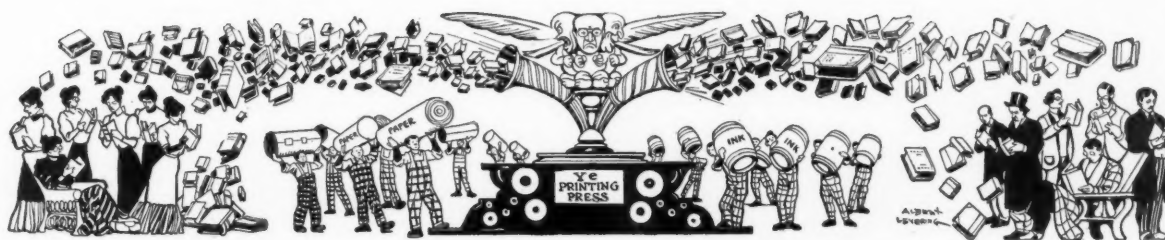
a wise and accomplished Scotchman, of a noble renown for learning, wide observation and elevation of thought.

IT IS an advantage to all America as well as to Great Britain to have Mr. Bryce installed at the British Embassy in Washington. He is more than the representative of the British Government, for



he is a great representative of civilization itself, and exceptionally qualified in mind and spirit to promote the spread of righteousness in the earth.

Not the least of his qualifications is that he is delightful company, given to hospitality, and more than edifying in social discourse. And the pay of his office has been raised to a sum equal to the salary of our President. We are glad of that, because everything that helps to promote the influence of such a man is good for all hands.



The Best Book I Have Been Reading

From the President of Stanford University

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I find your kind letter of November 16 on my return to New York. Of the books I have read during the past year, I should give precedence without qualification to the autobiography of Andrew D. White. I have known the man well for nearly forty years, having entered Cornell University as a freshman at the time he entered it as president, and I believe that no other autobiography more truthful, more just, more inspiring or offering more encouragement to the young man who wants to do something worth while has ever been written or published.

Very truly yours,
Stanford University, Cal. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—In reply to your letter of December 3, let me say that I am glad of the opportunity it offers me to make mention of a book of tales and miscellaneous sketches that has come nearer to my affections than any other book I have read within the past ten years. I read it with delight when it first appeared in 1897. I have taken it up often at odd times since, and I have lately been rereading it entire. This is "Suffolk Tales," by the late Lady Camilla Gurdon. She was a daughter of the Earl of Portsmouth, was married to Sir William Brampton Gurdon, and died in 1894. From the circumstance of her position one might not have expected from her the expression of especial sympathy with the life of simple country folk, but the small sheaf of stories, which is placed at the beginning of the volume, is penetrated not only with the quality of sympathy, but with the rarer one of entire understanding. Not only are these qualities markedly present, but the tales themselves are, from a literary point of view, admirably conceived, and in places the style can be likened to nothing else but some exquisite strain of music. The other tales included in the work are very diverse in character, some of them being very simply outlined, but through them all runs the thread of vital sympathy with the sad, the lowly, the oppressed. All unconsciously the writer reveals herself—and a rare and beautiful personality hers must have been. To me it is a constant delight to take up this unpretentious volume, dominated by an artistic sense that seems never at fault, and thus come into communion with one whose daily life was so attuned to harmonies both human and divine as hers most assuredly must have been. It, perhaps, should be added that the local color introduced in the "Suffolk Tales" forming the first division of the book is very faithful in char-

acter, as my own knowledge of the locale, a corner of south-eastern Suffolk, has assured me. I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
The Hermitage, Willow Street, OSCAR FAY ADAMS.
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I have received your letter of November 19. It may seem a little strange to you, but it is utterly impossible for me to mention among the few books that I have been able to read during the last year any one in particular that I think could be spoken of in a manner to meet the exigencies of the undertaking which you outline in your letter.

Yours very truly,
Princeton, N. J. GROVER CLEVELAND.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—I have been too busy on special studies the past year to do much general reading—have not even reread "Esmond"; so it has not been much of a year for fiction. I've read two or three of the whooped-up books without any special result, though I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of them; but the passage of literature that has probably been most in my mind is the beautiful and pathetic account of Romeo (not Shakespeare's) translated from Villani as a note to lines 127-42 of the Sixth Canto of the Paradiso. It is in Dent's Temple Classics; and also after Longfellow's translation, though a trifling variation in the latter makes the passage of greatest importance—the last sentence—relatively commonplace. I don't know which is closer to the original; I haven't Villani within reach.

The book that, on the whole, I think I have got most nutriment out of during the year is Adams and Sumner's "Labor Problems."

Burlington, Vt. HENRY HOLT.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir—Of the books of 1906 I believe I really most enjoyed Jack London's "White Fang," so keen is its analysis of the possible workings of the wolf-dog's mind and so strikingly exhibited are the Northwestern surroundings. The work is in no way inspiring, of course, but to me it was mightily interesting.

Of the old books, I had most comfort in rereading "The Cloister and the Hearth"—after years.

Faithfully,
Chicago, Ill. STANLEY WATERLOO.

A Romance in High Life

Or the Story of a Good Girl Who Went Wrong



SPRING in Newport. Beatrice Cashburn was born of rich and dishonest but respectable parents. Nothing but divorces, inherited insanity and chorus girls having occurred in the family, she held up her head with the proudest in the land.

She now faced her mother with the determination and wonderful firmness handed down to her from a long line of sturdy English yeomen, who had come over about a hundred years or so after the Mayflower to establish a belt line of barber shops in the New England district.

"Beatrice," exclaimed her mother in warm, passionate, Waldorf-Astoria tones, "you must give your consent to marry Duke Lodowne. He is anxiously waiting outside, not having paid his room rent, and it is a sacred duty you owe to dear old England, to say nothing of our set, that you ally yourself at once with one of the most aristocratic noblemen of the Old World. Be true to your instincts, Beatrice dear; let your heart guide you, and put Lord Lodowne and myself at ease by

accepting him, and your dear father will sign the contract at once."

"No, mother," replied Beatrice firmly, "I appreciate fully your disinterested motives, and that you have at heart only my future unhappiness and exalted social position, but it can never be. I'm going to be different. I'm a freak, if you will. Call me traitor, ingrate, it matters not, but I have firmly made up my mind to marry E. H. Ticker, the railroad president and magnate."

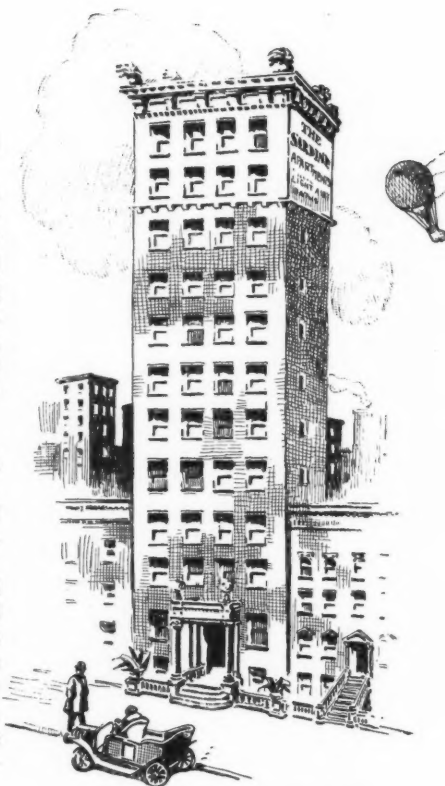
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Cashburn, throwing her tiara into the waste-basket, in the excess of her emotion. "You cannot mean it! An American! And one who doesn't even move in society. It's too horrible!"

"I cannot help it, mamma; my mind is made up. I am too loyal to the moneyed interests of my country to desert them now. Mr. Ticker needs my support. He may be investigated at any moment. How would it look if he had no society woman to support him? Why, common people would get the idea that he was unpatriotic."

At this moment E. H. Ticker was announced. His residence in Pittsburg and



The Art Editor: YOUR WORK IS TOO FINICAL. YOU LACK BREADTH AND SUBSTANCE. YOU ARE TOO ECONOMICAL OF SPACE, TOO ETHEREAL AND UNREAL.



AS THEY BUILD THEM TO-DAY
THIS IS THE LIGHT, AIRY, SUBSTANTIAL
APARTMENT HOUSE, "THE SARDINE."

acquaintance with Andrew Carnegie had given him aplomb.

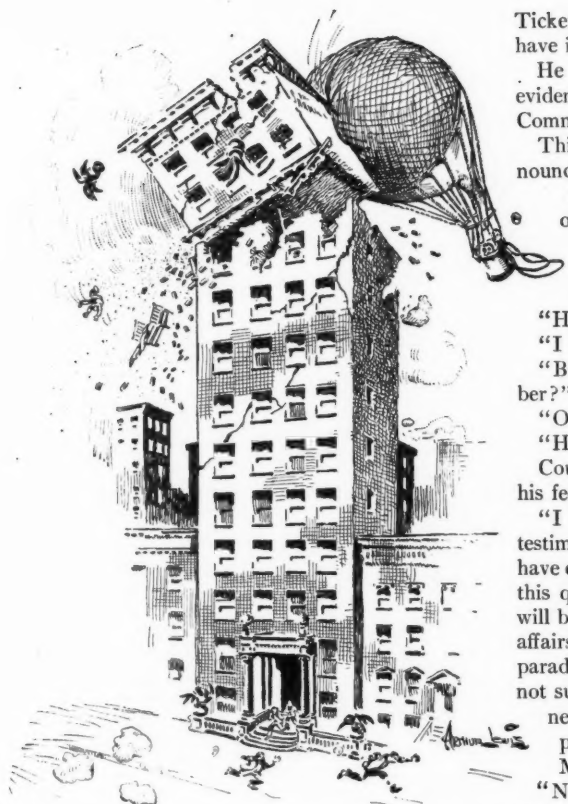
"Have you broken the news?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes. But mamma and the Duke"—

"Never mind about him," replied Mr. Ticker, bringing out a couple of millions in loose change from his pocket and handing it to Mrs. Cashburn. "Just give him this and tell him to go home and hire some lady to ill-treat by the hour. It's cheaper in the long run."

Before his domineering personality, almost as awe-inspiring as a first-class butler, Mrs. Cashburn quivered, and went out and did as she was bid. In a few moments Duke Lodowne's footsteps could be heard crushing the gold-filled driveway, as he hurried away to pay four weeks' board.

"Well, darling," said E. H. Ticker, as he looked fondly and firmly into the face of his fiancée, "just in time, eh? But then, that's a way I have. Why, if I



THIS IS THE SAME AFTER BEING HIT BY
PROFESSOR OZONE'S BALLOON

hadn't gotten here as I did, you might have married the Duke, and left me alone in the world with only Wall Street and the national banks of the country behind me. But what are they, compared with true love?"

"When does the Interstate Commerce Commission meet?" falteringly asked Beatrice.

"Next Tuesday."

"Then we must get married at once."

"You are, indeed, a quick reasoner."

In the meantime Duke Lodowne had not been idle. From house to house he spread the news that Beatrice Cashburn had disgraced her family. The result was that the wedding, which took place the next day, was attended only by a few ignorant people who did not read the papers or had not seen Duke Lodowne, and was scarcely worth putting up the awnings for, there being only four or five millions' worth of presents at the most.

"Never mind, darling," said E. H.

Ticker, after the ceremony. "Virtue will have its reward."

He then hurried away to prepare his evidence for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This body met on Tuesday, as announced in the financial columns.

Mr. E. H. Ticker was promptly on hand. The investigation began at once.

"Your name is E. H. Ticker?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many railroads do you own?"

"I can't remember."

"But, generally speaking, quite a number?"

"Oh, yes, several."

"How did you acquire them?"

Counsel for Mr. Ticker now sprang to his feet.

"I object," he said, "to this line of testimony. Gentlemen, for days now I have carefully and prayerfully considered this question. No trust in the country will be safe if you keep on. The private affairs of my client must not be ruthlessly paraded before a vulgar people who are not supposed to know anything of business anyway. Besides, all these exposures create class feeling."

Mr. Ticker smiled.

"Never mind," he said; "I'd just as soon explain as not. You see I started with a hundred millions. With this I bought a nice, reliable railroad, one that I could be seen with and not blush. Then I borrowed enough on this road to buy another. Then I had two. With two railroads I got a third."

"You now had one hundred and forty-six millions, did you not?"

"Really can't say. Might have been one hundred and forty-six or two hundred and forty-six millions. Can't remember details."

"You didn't speculate?"

"Speculate! Where have I heard that word before? Dear me, no. I merely bought for permanent investment."

"Ah, yes. Now, Mr. Ticker, what makes a railroad valuable?"

"People."

"What else?"

"Land."

"What else?"

Mr. Ticker smiled. "Water."

"Then when you grab a thing which belongs to the people, and use it for purposes of manipulation, you are—what?"

"A financier, also robber and thief."

Mr. Ticker's counsel again sprang to his feet.

"I object," he cried. "This is nothing short of disgraceful. High finance should be held more sacred. As a member of the church and the Republican party, I protest."

"Nonsense!"

It was Ticker who spoke.

"Sit down," he continued, "and don't care. I'm going to retire in a few months, so it doesn't matter. Gentlemen, the fact is I'm a foxy financier. The people are my puppets. I juggle with millions for pastime. I ought to be doing time in jail, but you can't put your finger on me, I am so big. Why, if you should pull me



A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE



A SOMNAMBALLOONIST

down the whole financial structure would topple. There! I feel better."

He took out his handkerchief. The whole court was visibly affected. It was a wonderfully dramatic scene, full of psychology, pathology, zoology, damatology and biology. Four yellow lady journalists fainted.

"But, gentlemen," said Mr. Ticker, "only remember this—remember that I was good to my mother, and that I am human. Nothing amuses me or interests me more than to sit up with a sick friend. Think of this, gentlemen, ere you envy me too much my wonderful cash resources."

It is needless to say there was not a dry eye in the courtroom.

Mr. Ticker, as he went out, did not observe, however, the dark and sinister form of Duke Lodowne, concealed in the shadow.

"Aha," muttered that gentleman. "Patience, patience! And all will yet be well."

The next morning all the world knew that the great railroad president, in confessing what he really was, had killed all hope of ever being admitted to the best society.

As for Beatrice, she bore up bravely. But the blow was none the less hard to hear.

"You might have just told what you were, dear," she said, "without adding that you were good to your mother. It is awful to think of. We are now outcasts. No one will ever receive us."

Nevertheless for a time they were extremely happy. The tremendous burst of indignation on the part of the common people over Mr. Ticker's confession

lasted almost three weeks, and it was perhaps fully a month before it died out in the newspapers, and he began to buy and sell again.

But soon he was working as usual. The brightness came back to his eyes, his step grew more sprightly than ever as every morning he trudged off manfully to Wall Street to rig the market, strip branch lines as they came under his notice and, singing at his work, to create new bond issues when stern necessity demanded it.

In the meantime the young wife felt her loneliness. Every day she picked up the society column with enforced eagerness, and every day was doomed to despair. Society reporters treated her coldly as they saw her in the distance. Her costume at the opera had not been even hinted at since her fatal mésalliance. Lonely and sad, and deserted by friends and family, her husband occupied with his own affairs, it was no wonder that she welcomed Lord Lodowne when he called. That person had been living at the St. Regis since the wedding and his two millions were almost gone. This only made the bond of sympathy between them all the stronger.

One day Ticker came home earlier than usual, the Senate having adjourned for a half holiday. He faced them both. His wife had on her hat.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To South Dakota."

Some men would have been annoyed at this, but not so E. H. Ticker. Yet his voice faltered as he spoke.

"Beatrice," he said, "you are right. I realized that we had both made a mistake after the marriage had taken place. I'm naturally vulgar. It's my nationality that's against me."

At this moment the true nobleness of his nature had never shown to better advantage.

"Yes," he continued, "it was I who was to blame. I worked on a young girl's feelings. I led you astray, Beatrice. I pulled the wool over your eyes, just as if you had been only a common widow or orphan. But, thank God, it is not too late. For now by eloping with the Duke you will, of course, be reinstated in society more firmly than ever. Bless you both, my children."

So saying he put his hand in his pocket, handed the Duke a couple more millions, and thus they parted.

It was a month later than this that one morning Beatrice's mother, who was once more a happy woman, her daughter's position now being above reproach, burst into her room. The Duke had gone over ahead to Dorsetshire to have the estate plumbed throughout for his bride.

"Ah, Beatrice," she said, waving a paper in her hand, "what a narrow escape you have had. How glad I am that you came to your senses in time. Think of what it would mean if you were still living with him."

Beatrice, who had been reading, smilingly, her name in the society column, with the old glad light in her eyes once more, turned pale again. "Heavens, mamma!" she exclaimed, "what has Ticker been doing now?"

Her mother shuddered. "He has become," she said, "a professional philanthropist."

T. L. M.



"WHAT IS THE TROUBLE WITH HIM?"

"SAME OLD TROUBLE—ER WOMAN AT DE BOTTOM OF IT."

Equipment

"ARE you going to Florida this season?"

"Not necessary. I've had my house fitted up with potted palms, a new steam-heating plant and a roulette table."

At the Door of a Skyscraper

VISITOR: Don't you allow dogs in this building?

OFFICIAL: Nothing but Skye terriers.

The Black Hand in Religion



COPIES of the following threatening letter have been received, presumably, by many people:

I am sending you a prayer which I have received with the request that you will rewrite it and send it to nine persons:

"O Lord, we implore Thee to have mercy on all mankind, keep us from all evil and sin, and take us with Thee through eternity. Amen."

This prayer was originally sent by Bishop Musell, asking that it be rewritten to nine persons. *He who will not rewrite it will have some misfortune.*

He who rewrites the prayer, beginning from the day it is received and sending one each day, will on or before the ninth day experience some great joy.

It was heard said that he who will grant this request will be delivered from some great calamity.

Please do not break the chain. (Signed) A FRIEND.

If Bishop Musell—whoever he may be—is doing this to advertise himself he is probably succeeding. The scheme of trading upon the fears of nervous people is certainly clever. If his endeavor is to vulgarize piety and render faith in prayer ridiculous he is also succeeding. Should he try this system in some financial scheme he might find himself in jail.

We find no Musell in the list of bishops and the whole thing may be somebody's conception of a joke.

Roosevelt Versus Education

WHEN President Roosevelt invaded the State of Massachusetts and aimed a "mollycoddle" blow at President Eliot, he was "up against" it. The Prex of Harvard countered on the solar plexus of the Kickers' champion. The blow was well directed and reached home. That Mr. Roosevelt should have more respect for muscle than for brains is excusable. Many football players—under twenty-one years of age—probably agree with him. But his recent expression of opinion was merely an impertinence.

President Eliot's remarks, while more temperate and more dignified, are far more convincing. For instance:

From the educational point of view, the value of any sport is to be tested chiefly by the number of persons who habitually take active part in it for pleasure during the education period and enjoy it in after life.

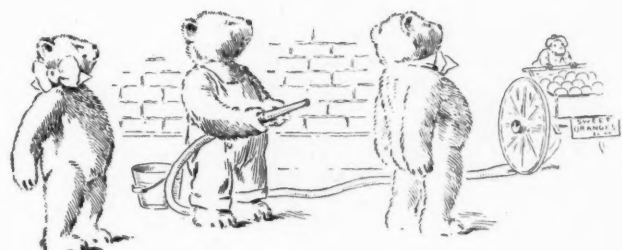
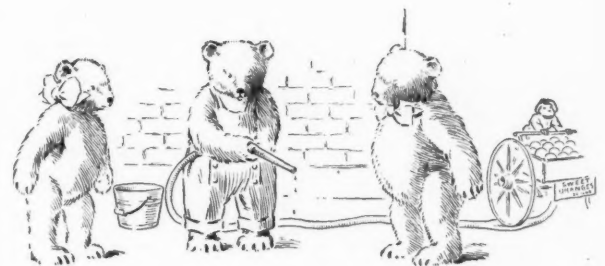
And parents have long believed that

It is high time that the whole profession of teaching in school, college and university unite to protest against the present exaggeration of athletic sports during the whole period of education, and especially to bring competitive sports between schools and between colleges within reasonable limits and establish the supremacy of intellectual and moral interests over physical interests in all institutions of education.

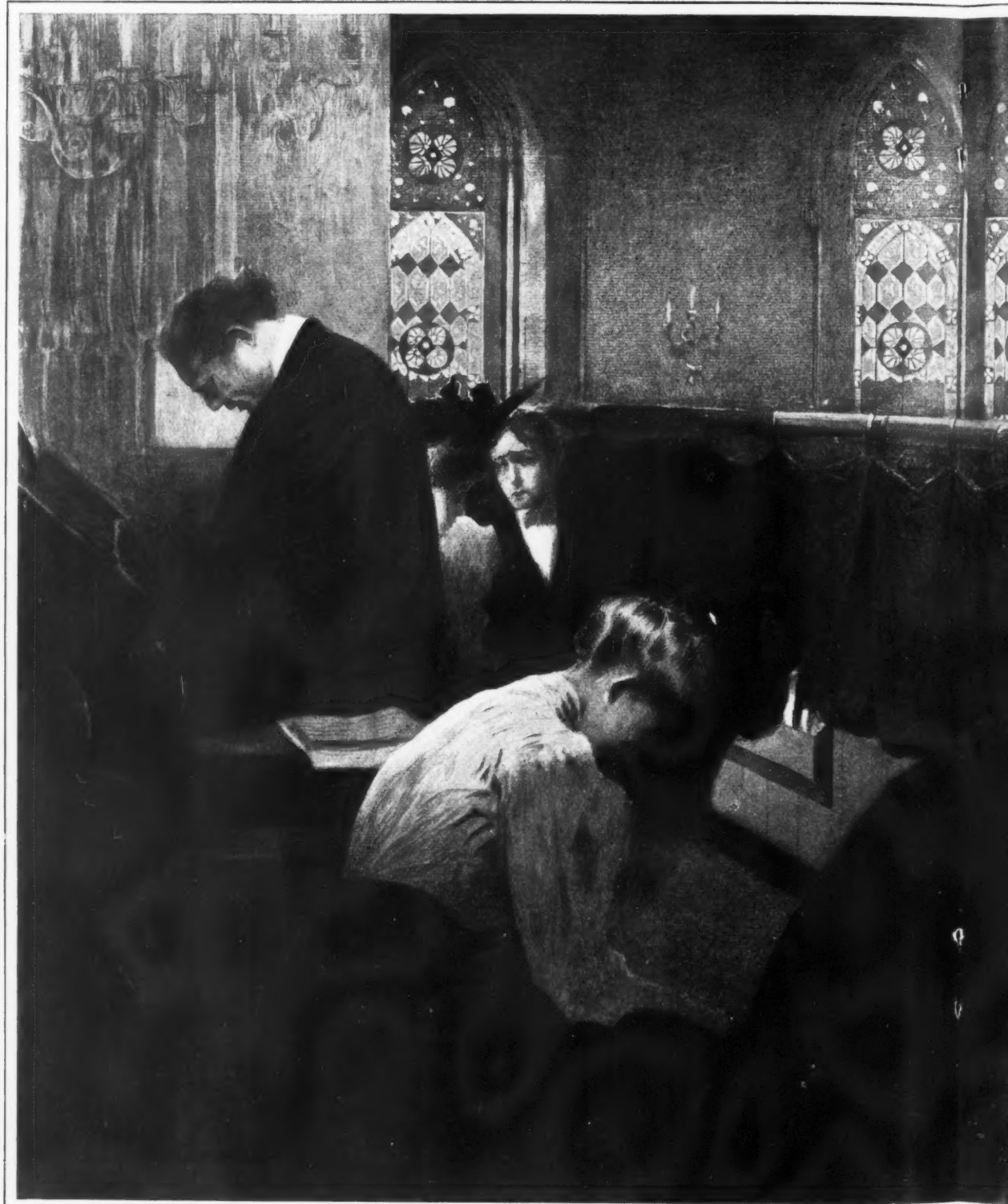
These are simple truths, and probably obvious to all thoughtful Americans, excepting, of course, an occasional President and professional athlete.

A NEW YORK traveling man says that the reason Boston is called "the Hub" is because it is the slowest part of the wheel.

ALL A MISTAKE



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THE CHOIR INV



THE CHOIR INVISIBLE



MR. GOTTSCHALK AS
Mr. Lichcheese IN POVERTY



Mostly Mr. G. B. Shaw

ONE of the most serious obstacles to rational good government in America is that narrow-minded element which believes that human nature may be made good by law. It is responsible for the political corruption that arises from our impotent liquor laws. It stands in the way of the sensible regulation of other social questions. It secured the abolition of the Army canteen, and is, therefore, responsible for the spread of various evils among our private soldiers. Just now it is busily engaged in trying to take the control of the sport of horse-racing out of the hands of gentlemen who have made it reputable and to commit it to the charge of crooked gamblers and blacklegs. It is ignorant in the ways of the world and is, therefore, easily led into foolish and harmful crusades by its paid agents, whose livelihood depends on gulling their employers. If the ignorance of this element could ever learn anything at all by experience, the lack of general interest in the present production of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" should be an instructive lesson.

We all remember the to-do made about this play when it had its solitary performance last season and how the crusade of Mr. Anthony Comstock and ex-Police Commissioner McAdoo brought it to the attention of every one, not in New York alone, but the country over. If the play was an evil thing—which it isn't—its influence through its circulation in book form was tremendously increased by the illegal suppression of its performance. As a play it is calculated to interest only a small section of the public and would not have received very great consideration even at their hands. Mr. Comstock and the persons who employ him succeeded in scattering it broadcast among those whose interest in it was only in what it contained that was unseemly. And yet Mr. Comstock and his police allies pay absolutely no attention to the indecencies of a theatrical performance which has occupied a prominent Broadway theatre for months and nightly makes its appeal to the most degraded instincts of human nature.

* * *



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S satire is now in evidence in two New York theatres. Some expert judges, and apparently the theatre-going public in New York, deny dramatic value to "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and to "Widowers' Houses." Certainly as social sermons they are as barren of results as sermons usually are. The moral of one is that working girls should be paid better wages to prevent their seeking another alternative to their hard lot. The other shows that collecting high rents from unsafe and unsanitary tenements is a hardship on the tenants and ought to make owners in fee, mortgagees and the landowners ashamed of themselves. At the conclusion of each play the characters are left very much where they started, certainly not diverted from the errors which have been so distinctly and cleverly pointed out to them. Which is also true of the audiences that have been ser-

monized. LIFE has never taken Mr. Shaw in his serious aspects any too seriously, and in these two instances believes that the net result is the royalties that go to Mr. Shaw, the return on the theatrical capital and labor employed and the amusement to be secured by his audiences from listening to Mr. Shaw's sometimes witty, sometimes humorous, sometimes sarcastic paradoxes and shafts driven at the straw enemies he sets up. In his marked ability for discovering evils, Mr. Shaw shows himself a worthy predecessor of our own muck-rakers. But it is not Mr. Shaw's muck-raking which gives him his vogue in America. It is his wit and the sense of humor which he doubtless owes to his Irish ancestry.

* * *

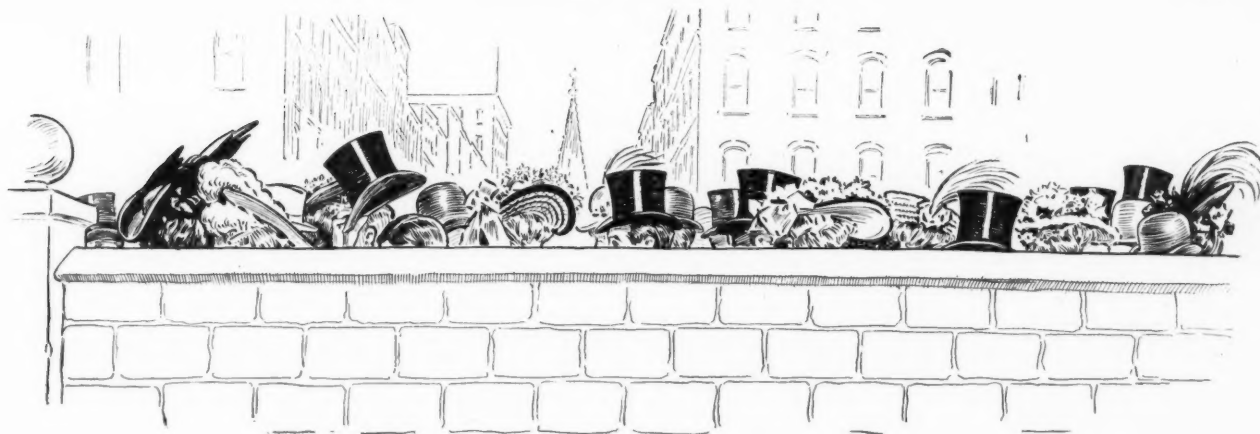


NO SPECIAL excitement has been caused by the revival of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." No particular attention would have been paid to it in the first place had it not been for the blind zeal of those whose ignorance is typified by Mr. Anthony Comstock. (And speaking of that occurrence, which caused a very considerable financial loss to some one, have any of the moral persons who deprived others of their property felt any conscientious promptings to make good the loss for which their ignorance was responsible?) As a dramatic performance the present production of "Mrs. Warren" is an adequate one. To go into ecstasies over the admirable impersonation of Mrs. Warren by Miss Mary Shaw would be to confess opportunities of observation that are not usually confessed. There is not a theatre-goer who ever saw Brutus or Lady Macbeth in fact, and yet we all more or less learnedly and fluently discuss the correctness of their interpretation. The fidelity to type is certainly recognized by the audiences before which Miss Shaw appears and there is no question of the force with which she brings home the truths the author is trying to impress. Mr. Findlay's *Rev. Samuel Gardner*, conscientiously and finely as it was drawn, failed to carry the idea that this particular parson could ever have been a very gay buck at any period of his career. The *Sir George* of Mr. Ratcliffe and the *Praed* of Mr. Mitchell were sufficient, but not distinguished. Mr. Walter Thomas's *Frank Gardner* conveyed exactly the notion of irresponsible youthful good spirits and careless skepticism which the author needed for his contrast. Miss Cathrine Countiss as *Vivie* struggled vainly with a rôle whose complexity might well puzzle a far better equipped actress.

As LIFE said before, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" deals in Mr. Shaw's always amusing fashion with problems which, unpleasant as they are and unsuitable for discussion as a dramatic attraction, are not by any means new, and for their presentation in this form he furnishes no excuse in the way of offering a solution.



MR. GOTTSCHALK AS
Mr. Lichcheese IN PROSPERITY



THE ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF THE EASTER PARADE



ELDOM do we find so admirable a rendering as that accorded to Mr. Shaw's other play, "Widowers' Houses."

The absurd situations of the author seem almost credible so deftly are they handled. Miss Effie Shannon has never shown so much spirit as in her portrayal of the tempestuous daughter of the rack-renting *Sartorius*, who in turn is admirably depicted in his extremes of tyrannical avarice and oleaginous hypocrisy by that excellent but too infrequently seen comedian, Mr. William F. Hawtreys. Mr. Herbert Kelcey made graphic the unintellectuality of *Cokane* and Mr. Henry Kolker was a manly and thick *Trench*. Not since his *Tweenways* and *Bapchild* has Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk been equipped with such congenial material for his eccentric ability as he finds in *Mr. Lickchese*, both in the days of cringing poverty and in the period of bounding and assertive prosperity that came to that remarkable creature. Not often does it fall to the lot of New York theatregoers to see so intelligently chosen a cast working together in such absolute smoothness.

The question of exacting excessive rents for wretched tenement houses does not seem to suggest many dramatic possibilities, but Mr. Shaw's wit in mixing the morality of the subject up with a love affair furnishes enough action on which to hang three acts of his always entertaining chatter. It tells no story and it gets nowhere away from where it started, but it makes highly agreeable relief from performances which are all action and no thought. There now remain but two of Mr. Shaw's published plays to be presented in America, and of these "The Philanderer" would probably have slight interest even for Shaw enthusiasts. But

none of this still large class should miss the truly admirable performance of "Widowers' Houses."

* * *

MR. SHAW'S ability to use dramatic satire against what seems the most impossible dramatic material, in the way of public evils, might well be directed against our legal and judicial system and its apparent object—the shielding of criminals from punishment. After more than three years of litigation, the courts of the State of Illinois have just decided that no one is to be punished for the loss of six hundred lives at the burning of the Iroquois Theatre, in Chicago. Managerial greed was the direct cause of this awful slaughter of women and children, and yet, under our laws and our way of executing the laws, it is impossible to punish the guilty men, either in person or through their fat pocketbooks. Mr. Shaw would find in our legal system, with its delays and loopholes for rich criminals, an easy target for his wit, if even that were not overcome by the tragic hopelessness of the problem.

* * *



FROM a second view of Mme. Nazimova's *Hedda Gabler* LIFE gains no more favorable impression than the first one created. It is a highly artificial and theatrical portrayal which sheds not one ray of enlightenment on a very enigmatical character. It is neither logical nor interpretive. Her *Nora*, with all its defects, was at least in the realms of

reason. Mme. Nazimova shows no improvement in her English. Her appearance in a new character will do much to determine to what extent are justified her claims to artistic greatness.

Metcalfe.

Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music—Spectacular dramatization of the well-known novel, "Ben-Hur."

Astor—"The Mills of the Gods." Interesting and somewhat melodramatic play of contemporary American life. Well acted.

Belasco—"The Rose of the Rancho." Very picturesque, very stirring and very well-acted drama of the days when the United States took possession of California.

Berkeley Lyceum—"The Reckoning." Imported playlet of life among the Viennese students. Well acted.

Bijou—Mme. Alla Nazimova in Ibsen repertoire. Russian actress of marked personality and considerable ability.

Casino—"The Girl from Vienna." Diverting comic opera, with Mr. Louis Mann as the star.

Criterion—Mr. Frank Daniels and good company in "The Tattooed Man"; conventional comic opera, well staged.

Empire—Ethel Barrymore in "The Silver Box." Notice later.

Garden—Ben Greet's Players, in Shakespearean repertory. A very bad company, giving cheap representations in what purports to be the "Elizabethan" manner.

Garrick—"Caught in the Rain." Merry farcical comedy, cleverly acted by competent company, with Mr. William Collier at its head.

Hackett—Rose Stahl continues with her excellent character work in "The Chorus Lady."

Herald Square—"The Road to Yesterday." Interesting and fantastic dream play.

Hippodrome—"Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Gorgeous ballet and spectacle, remarkable water effects and some circus features.

Lincoln Square—Weekly change of bill.

Lyric—Signor Ermete Novelli, the Italian tragedian, in repertory. Notice later.

Madison Square—Carlotta Nillson and capable company in Rachel Crothers's "The Three of Us." Delightfully staged play of American life in the West.

Madison Square Garden—The Barnum and Bailey circus. Notice later.

Majestic—"On Parole." Agreeable and well-presented little love story, with the close of the Civil War as a background.

Princess—"The Great Divide." Interesting American emotional play, with Miss Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast.

Proctor's Theatres—Vaudeville.

Weber's—Last week of "The Dream City" and "The Magic Knight." Burlesque, excellent music and considerable fun.

THE LATEST BOOKS



SOME one, I think it is Oscar Wilde, has said that all true criticism is a form of autobiography. That is to say that the honest critic, in expressing himself, expresses *himself*; if he does less than this he is disingenuous; if he does more, he is a charlatan. And here, in a word, we have the key-note and description of Arthur Symons' critical essays in his *Studies in Seven Arts*. They record the esthetic experiences of a man broadly cultured, discriminating and thoughtful, and never forgetful of the fundamental truth that art is intended to be *felt* and that feeling is subjective. The papers on Rodin and Whistler are especially valuable.

Elizabeth Luther Cary's volume (an elaborate and handsome volume by the way) on *The Works of James McNeill Whistler*, represents, on the other hand, the utmost refinement of the personally conducted in art. The author speaks as one conversant with authority. She has searched the scriptures. She is grounded in the faith. But not only is her mission to the heathen, but her converts, it is to be feared, will be "rice converts." The book contains some thirty illustrations chosen with excellent judgment and a useful tentative list of the artist's work in various media.

Whistler, Notes and Footnotes, by A. E. G., is, first and foremost, a lesson and example in exquisite taste and the art of book making. It contains a number of critical or curious memoranda upon art and artists, reprinted from various publications and of interest to collectors and other amateurs. But, beyond the fact that it is enriched by a number of very interesting reproductions, it has little value for the general reader.

In the story of Dakota squatters in the '70's which Eleanor Gates tells in *The Plow Woman*, the author has done a very old thing in just the right way at an opportune moment. She has introduced into the brawling stream of current fiction, swollen by crude studies of the decadent rich and half-baked political and social problems, a homely tale, lived close to earth amid violence, hardship and alarms. Alter by a few degrees the angle of observation and you'd have a dime novel; take it as it is and you have a story of elemental lives, full of human emotion, wholesome and refreshing.

George Wharton James, in his two thick octavo volumes upon *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert*, has crossed and recrossed his field with a verbal harrow and left nothing untouched but our imagination. The true wonder of the desert lies, not in its physiognomy, but in its spirit; and Mr. James, for all his enthusiasm and prolixity, has given us but the tilt of its nose, the shape of its mouth and the color of its hair. Compared to Mary Austin's *Land of Little Rain*, his exhaustive and somewhat exhausting treatise is like a painted panorama beside a Corot.

If you are a Christian Scientist this paragraph is written in a stage "aside" which you are not expected to hear. If you are not; if, that is to say, your intellectual crazy-bone is not located in that elbow; read Mark Twain's *Christian Science*. It is a frank, non-partisan, complimentary and pitiless analysis; the delightfulest imaginable blending of logic and laughter. Funny? of course. Its author is funny when he is serious as naturally as a crab goes ahead backward.

Roy Rolfe Gilson has written a charming little story in *Katrina*; the story of how a newspaper man came to inherit a little girl and how he came to lose her again; a story with a touch of the four

seasons of life in it, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, each dependent upon the other and each engrossed with itself. Always happy in his handling of those delicate and tender filaments of association and sentiment, so easily broken or coarsened into false value, he is here quite at his surest and best.

Lilian Bell is also quite her typical self in her new book of papers called *Why Men Remain Bachelors and Other Luxuries*. "Huh!" said a mere man of my acquaintance, reading this title the other day, "What does she know about it?" Which proved his ignorance, for she knows everything about everything. She is a non-Delphic oracle, who does not have to hedge. Are you a *Modern Mother* or a *Young Girl in Love*? Are you suffering from *A Broken Engagement* or a *Tendency to Crabbedness*? Are you doubtful of *The Wisdom of Marriage* or drooping under *The Loneliness of Being Unloved*? Read the present volume. It beats the *Ladies' Home Journal*. J. B. Kerfoot.

Studies in Seven Arts, by Arthur Symons. (E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.)

The Works of James McNeill Whistler, by Elizabeth Luther Cary. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$4.00.)

Whistler, Notes and Footnotes, by A. E. G. (The Collector and Art Critic Company.)

The Plow Woman, by Eleanor Gates. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert, by George Wharton James. (Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. \$5.00.)

Christian Science, by Mark Twain. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.75.)

Katrina, by Roy Rolfe Gilson. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

Why Men Remain Bachelors and Other Luxuries, by Lilian Bell. (The John Lane Company. \$1.25.)



"MARRIED AGAIN! GAD! WHO TO?"
"WHY—ER—ER, I HAVE HER CARD SOMEWHERE."



"YOU'VE BEEN MAKING LOVE TO SOME OTHER GIRL."
 "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"
 "BECAUSE YOU'VE IMPROVED SO."

Shorthand

SHORTHAND, or stenography, is that tremendous device of enlightenment by means of which a man is enabled to put his thoughts on paper faster than he can think them. It is of the fruitage of hurry, the genius which makes us great and famous. Shorthand has dislodged and banished the obscurity which formerly lurked in handwriting, and imported, instead, the obscurity of diction, which is one of the wonders of the age. The merest business man, of the present day, can dictate a letter which would be thought, fifty years ago, to have been stolen from Immanuel Kant or Bishop Butler, so heavily veiled is its meaning.

And in literature, it is a great thing

not to have to keep an idea in your mind during all the tedious interval you would occupy in writing it out in long-hand. Inspiration is no better for cooling than gravy. Besides, how many authors are there who, if they had to

write in their old, laborious way, could get out books often enough to keep themselves from being forgotten, as forgetting is now done? Most likely, but for stenography, we should have no literati beyond those three or four million Parnassides whose pens make them rich enough to bill the country and in that way stave off the deadly blight of oblivion.



A CHIC COMEDIENNE

Another Point

"HUH!" growls the pessimist. "Every time Rockefeller makes a donation, the price of kerosene goes up a few cents."

"Ah," smiles the optimist, "but think of the many times the price of kerosene goes up when there is no donation."



TEMPORA MUTANTUR

A book of verses underneath the tree
Served Omar V. Khayyam right handily.

Your modern Omar, on the other hand,
Is scarce content with anything so wee.

He wants a hammock swung from limb to limb,
And at his side, when Father Sol grows dim,

To keep his eyes unstrained, he calleth for
A pocket Edison Electric Glim.

And on the bough, beneath which he doth plan
To lie and take whatever ease he can,

To keep him cool and shoo the flies away,
He has a brazen-winged dynamic fan.

When these are set, his idle fancy roams,
Not thro' one volume of some maiden's pomes,

But all The World's Best Letters he demands
Put forth in forty-seven quarto tomes.

As for the Jug, and single loaf of bread,
Pen which our simple Omar one-time fed,
O'er that I draw the veil. Omar to-day
Appears to have a better appetite—and head.

And finally, as for that item "Thou"
That Omar wished for, sitting 'neath the bough,
Let it remain. In these days 'tis the same,
For "thou" 's a synonym for "thousands" now.

—Harper's.

EFFECT OF STEADY WORK

Dr. John S. Buist, the famous Southern surgeon, said in one of his surgical lectures at the State college:

"It is always in rather bad taste for a physician to boast of being busy. Physicians, undertakers and gravediggers only cause discomfort when they allude to good times and prosperity.

"There was an old man who applied to the minister of the little village of Point Rock for the post of gravedigger. His references were good and the minister agreed to assign him to the churchyard. He was to be paid so much a grave.

"The gravedigger haggled over the price, finally accepting it. "Will I get steady work?" he asked.

"Steady work?" said the minister. "Lands sake, man, with steady work you'd bury all Point Rock in a week."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

ANOTHER BREED

"Now, about airships?"

"Well?"

"Will they allude to them as aerial greyhounds?"

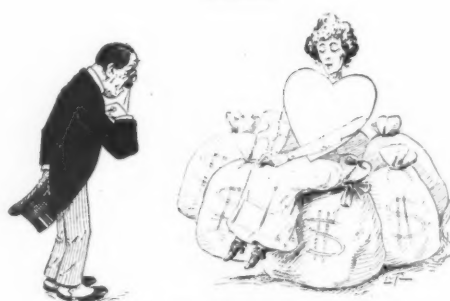
"Why, certainly not. They will be Sky terriers, if anything."—*Washington Herald*.

HOW TO HOLD A HORSE SHOW

Following are the things that must be done in order to hold a successful horse show:

1. Have a different gown for each time that you expect to attend.
2. Have each of these better than any one else's.
3. Buy, beg, borrow or steal twenty pounds of diamonds.
4. Get your hooks on as many eligible young men of the smart set as you can.
5. Cultivate a chilly, who-are-you stare.
6. Learn to yawn becomingly.
7. Have on hand plenty of objections to make whenever you see a blue ribbon.—*Pacific Monthly*.

MARK TWAIN was talking to Senator Kean, of New Jersey, when he was in Washington lobbying for his copyright bill. He told the Senator he gets thirty cents a word for his writings. "By George!" said Kean, "the surplus would soon be wiped out if the Government paid the President thirty cents a word for all he writes."—*Argonaut*.



"WHERE THE HEART IS"

IN TERMS OF PIG

The ingenuity of the Chinese in surmounting difficulties is well illustrated by the following dialogue, which recently took place on the Imperial Chinese Railway:

TRAVELER: I wish to ship these two dogs to Peking. What is the rate?

RAILWAY OFFICIAL: No got any rate for dog; one dog all same one sheep; one sheep all same two pig; can book four pig.

"But one dog is only a puppy; he ought to go for half fare."

"Can do, all right." Then, turning to his clerk, "Write three pig," he said.—*Lippincott's*.

REPENTED OF HIS BARGAIN

A certain young man of literary tastes has two somewhat incongruous yet almost equally expensive fads—a fondness for dogs of illustrious pedigree and a love for first editions of celebrated books. One day he invited a friend to his home to see two of his latest acquisitions. One of them was an imported bull terrier, and the other was a rare copy of a work by a celebrated Boston author. He exhibited the dog first.

"Isn't he a beauty!" he exclaimed. "He's the finest specimen of that breed that was ever brought to this town, and I got him for about half what he is worth. Yes, he's perfectly harmless, and as gentle as he can be. Now I'll show you something in the book line that you don't see every day. Cost me a good round sum of money, too."

They went into the library, and the first thing that caught his eye was the mangled wreck of his cherished volume lying on the table. He summoned his colored servant.

"Sam," he said, wrathfully, "what has happened to this book? I wouldn't have had it ruined for a hundred dollars!"

"Hit wuz de dawg, suh," answered Sam. "You lef' 'im in hyuh when yo' went away, suh, an' he done chawed it all up. Ve's sorry, suh."

The following advertisement appeared among the small "ads" in a local paper the next day:

"WANTED—to Exchange—A full-blooded imported bull-terrier dog, of the finest breed, for a copy of the first edition of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'—*Youth's Companion*.

TO THE POINT

"The most laconic man I know of is a deaf and dumb man in our town," one of the party remarked; "he never writes on his little pad more than enough to convey his meaning.

"It happened he was a good poker player, and one night won a watch and chain from a young man of the town. The young man's father, a very pompous individual, heard of it, and, meeting the successful gamester on the street next day, stopped him. The deaf and dumb man produced his little pad. On it the irate and pompous father wrote: 'I understand you won Bob's gold watch the other night.' He handed it to the deaf and dumb man, expecting to see him change countenance and offer to give up his spoil. The latter did not quite do that, however. Instead, he took the pad, wrote two words carefully on it and returned it. The pompous father read inscribed thereon:

"And chain!"

"That ended the affair."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

A NUMBER of military men in a Washington hotel were giving an account of an incident of the Civil War. A quiet man who stood by at last said:

"Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and might be able to refresh your memory as to what took place in reference to the event just narrated."

The hotel keeper said to him:

"Sir, what might have been your rank?"

"I was a private."

Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill.

"Not a cent, sir; not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I ever met."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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A. E. DICK, Manager

FORMERLY MANAGER OF TAMPA BAY HOTEL, FLORIDA



AN ESSENTIAL ARTICLE

An artist was talking about the late Walter Appleton Clark, who died at the beginning of his artistic career.

"And Clark," he said, "had a strong sense of humor. I remember going through a millionaire's stables with him one day.

"You know what a millionaire's stables nowadays are like—floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings, and so forth and so on.

"Well, gentlemen," said the millionaire, proudly, "is anything lacking?"

"I can think of nothing," said Clark, "except a sofa for each horse."—*New York Tribune*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Boulet*.

FIRE HORSE AFRAID OF MICE

"Why do you keep so many cats around the station?" John McNarrey, chief of the fire department in the West Side, was asked recently.

"So that Ben can sleep soundly," replied Chief McNarrey.

Ben is one of the fire horses. He is a big bay, kind and gentle. One great trouble Ben has is a constant fear of rats and mice. The instant a rat pokes its head up through a crack in the floor or ventures up too near Ben he throws his front feet on top of a railing, which stands two feet from the floor, and there he stands until the mouse or rat disappears.

Ben and the cats work together. When the horse begins climbing on the railing and making all kinds of noise, the cats have learned that there is a mouse in Ben's corner. They come from all parts of the station and the frightened horse is soon at peace again.—*Kansas City Star*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

ON THE JOB

A Baltimore man, who was recently a passenger on a Cunarder, tells of an incident of his trip that led him to the conclusion that your average seaman is not apt to waste much thought on his personal troubles.

This sailor had met with an accident the second day out, the result of which was a bad cut on the head. The Baltimorean was most solicitous in his inquiries as to the seaman's welfare when he next saw the captain, and would undoubtedly have continued his sympathy had not a rough sea called to mind his own sufferings.

Several days later, when he emerged, white and weak, from his stateroom, he suddenly remembered the poor sailor. In the course of the day the Baltimore man saw the man, with a strip of plaster on his forehead.

"How is your head?" he asked, sympathetically.

"West by south, sir," was the reply.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

DISRAELI and Bishop Wilberforce had something in common in their infallible alertness in a difficult situation. "How's the old complaint?" Dizzy would ask of a man whom he did not remember. The Bishop was just as clever in meeting a hostile archdeacon. "I have not the smallest recollection of him," he said, when the implacable one was pointed out. But he walked up to the archdeacon and regretted that he had not an earlier opportunity for a chat. "I need not ask how you are after all these years. Do you still ride your gray mare?" he added. "Yes, my lord; how good of you to remember her!" was the answer of the archdeacon, surprised into good humor. "Then you did remember him, after all?" asked a friend. "Not a bit of it," was the answer; "I saw the gray hairs on his coat, and I chanced the sex."—*Bellman*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

A HUMORIST has said that the "Mississippi River is so crooked in places that a steamer going south has been known to meet itself coming north, giving passing signals, and narrowly escape a collision with itself."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"WHAT was the cause of this rumpus?" asked the judge.

"Well, you see, judge," replied the policeman, "this man here and that woman there are married."—

"Yes, yes, I know. But what other cause?"—*Cleveland Press*.



There is just one cigarette so good that it is found wherever discriminating smokers penetrate. The

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Cigarette has an international reputation. Nestor Cigarettes are made at Cairo for all countries but the United States. Here the duty is so high that we duplicated our Cairo factory in Boston so that American smokers might enjoy the Nestor at 25 cents for 10. In tins of 50, \$1.25.

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WHISKEY

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Books Received

Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground, by J. H. Miller. (Funk and Wagnalls. \$1.00.)

Whistler, Notes and Footnotes, by A. E. G. (Collector and Art Critic Company.)

Her Majesty's Rebels, by S. R. Lysaght. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Issue, by Edward Noble. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

My Life as an Indian, by J. W. Schultz. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Studies in Seven Arts, by Arthur Symonds. (E. P. Dutton. \$2.50.)

Labour and Capital, by Goldwin Smith. (Norwood Press. 50 cents.)

Birds That Every Child Should Know, by Neltje Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.20.)

Dust of Conflict, by Harold Bindloss. (F. A. Stokes Company.)

Prisoners of Fortune, by Ruel P. Smith. (L. C. Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Keister's Corporation Accounting and Auditing, by D. A. Keister. (Burrows Brothers. \$4.00.)

Friday the 13th, by T. W. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Before Adam, by Jack London. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Abelard and Heloise, by Ridgely Torrence. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

Sampson Rock of Wall Street, by Edwin Lefevre. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

American Legislatures and Legislative Methods, by P. S. Reinsch. (The Century Company. \$1.25.)

In My Lady's Garden, by Katrina Trask. (John Lane Company.)

Social Life in England, by M. B. Sygne. (A. S. Barnes and Company.)

A Break in Training, by Arthur Ruhl. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)

Freedom in the Church, by A. V. G. Allen. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Running Water, by A. E. W. Mason. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

East of Suez, by F. C. Penfield. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

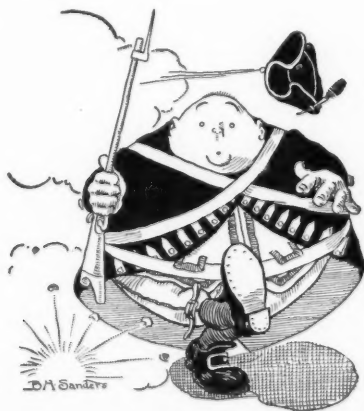
Predecessors of Cleopatra, by Leigh North. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

Success in Life, by Emil Reich. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

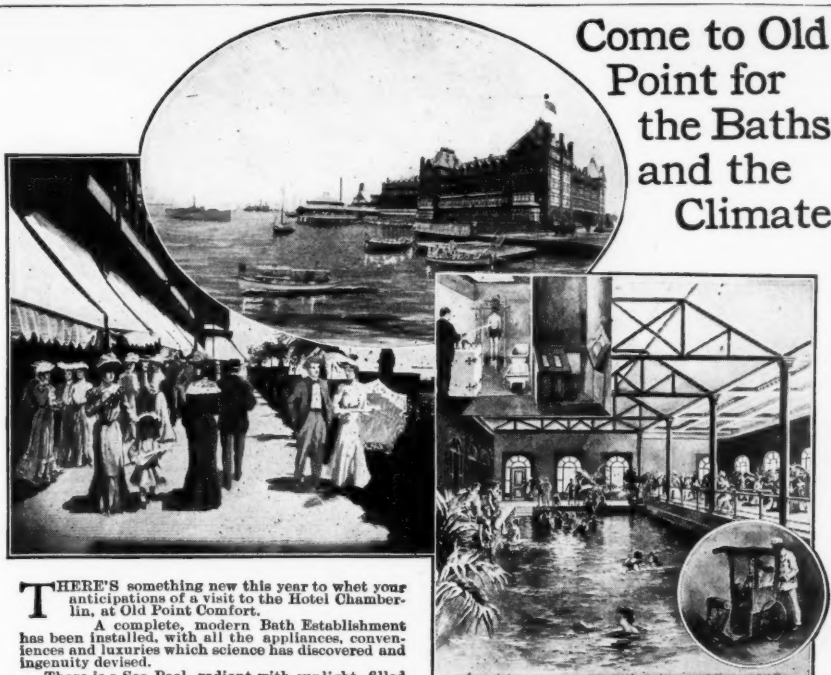
The Spirit of Labor, by Hutchins Hapgood. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

THERE was once a sporting parson at Eastington, a place on the English coast which was a favorite landing-place for woodcocks at the time of their immigration to England. When the birds arrived, exhausted by their long flight, everybody in the parish, including the parson, at once turned out to join in the sport of knocking them down with sticks. One Sunday the people were in church and the parson in the pulpit when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared with a beckoning finger. "Well, what is it?" asked the parson. "Cocks is coom!" The parson hurriedly shut up his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it," he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplice off. Let's all have a fair chance."

—Bellman.



FAI IN THE FIRE



Come to Old Point for the Baths and the Climate

THERE'S something new this year to whet your anticipations of a visit to the Hotel Chamberlin, at Old Point Comfort.

A complete, modern Bath Establishment has been installed, with all the appliances, conveniences and luxuries which science has discovered and ingenuity devised.

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There are medicinal baths of every description, including Nauheim Baths, Electric Light Baths, Massage Baths and Tonic Baths.

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You know that there is nothing so strengthening as the right kind of baths, and the Chamberlin provides every kind known to science.

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A special booklet on Baths and Bathing will be sent on request.

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The climate has more invigorating elements than are found in any other spot, and the atmosphere is laden with ozone from the ocean and from a natural growth of pines.

The U. S. Weather Reports prove that no other place on this continent so nearly meets all the requirements of a perfect coast climate as Tidewater Virginia centering around Old Point Comfort.

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And to satisfy the sharp sea-breeze appetite which you will quickly acquire here, you'll find elaborate menus of sea-foods, garden products, and other good things for which Tidewater Virginia is famous—all cooked in the Old Virginia Style.

Come down to Old Point Comfort and get rested while you enjoy the comforts, luxuries, and pleasures which will be yours at the

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If you fail to find literature descriptive of the Chamberlin at the offices of the various transportation companies, write to me. I will gladly give you any desired information regarding rates, reservation of rooms, etc. If you write me that you are coming, I shall be ready to welcome you, and every arrangement will be made for your comfort. Your room will be ready and your baggage will be taken in charge as soon as it reaches Old Point Comfort.

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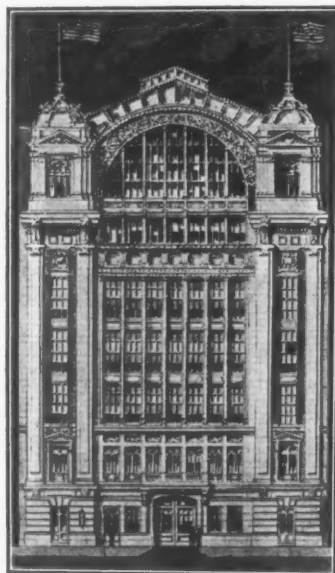
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"All the Argument Necessary."

The International Journal of Surgery, August, 1905, under the heading "CYSTITIS" says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great aid to all forms of medication. Moreover, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the ideal form in which to administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so.

"IN URIC ACID DIATHESIS, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, LITHAEMIA, and the like, ITS ACTION IS PROMPT AND LASTING."

Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, M. D., LL. D., Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Assn., Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Prof. of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia: "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would unhesitatingly answer, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**. In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia, and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. * * * Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis will be alleviated by it, and many cured. I have had evidence of the undoubted Disintegrating, Solvent and Eliminating power of this water in Renal Calculus, and have known its long continued use to permanently break up the gravel forming habit."

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William Dean Howells

Born March 1, 1837

"I WOULD rather write than be President," declared William Dean Howells at a tender age, wiping his inky hands on the office towel. Abandoning his birthplace in Ohio, he started for the Hub. But office ever seeks the Ohioan, and the youthful Howells was consul-shipped to Venice. Romantic Italy inspired his pen, and the Boston *Transcript* boosted him up the literary ladder by accepting "Venetian Life" at \$5 per newspaper column, solid. Thereafter he turned realist.

As a traveler from Altruria, Mr. Howells foresaw Andrew Carnegie and the pressing need for books enough to fill an endless chain of libraries; and by working night and day for nearly fifty years he has done his share toward stocking them. Yet fearful of falling by the way before his mission was fulfilled, he has not failed to discover and extol the humbler works of others.

Mr. Howells has confessed to Literary Passions; but that seems to be putting it a trifle strong. His literary indiscretions, however, have been expressed in his preference for Henry James to Dickens and Thackeray, for Hamlin Garland to Du Maurier and for "The Old Homestead" to "Cyrano de Bergerac."

As a magazine editor and purveyor of mere literature, Mr. Howells gained a circumscribed reputation in Boston and New York. It remained for Mr. John Brisben Walker to put him where the light of popularity beat upon a palpitating periodical—the *Cosmopolitan*. Life was here the handmaiden to Letters. But Mr. Howells had acquired curious ways on the *Atlantic* and the *Nation*. One memorable morning he strolled into the *Cosmopolitan* office at 9.15—by the Walker watch—and hung up his hat. "You are fifteen minutes late, Mr. Howells," remarked the apostle of Hustle. Mr. Howells then realized for the first time that he had been born too soon. Recovering his hat, he silently slipped away. And he never came back.

Mr. Howells has recently joined an association for the suppression of unnecessary noise—which is taken to mean that certain publishers' announcements may be somewhat modified.

To our own taste, Mr. Howells is less happy in essaying the novel than in novelizing the essay. His ripe philosophy, his keen sympathy with the every-day aspects of human life and, above all, the incomparable ease and grace of his literary style make us wish that Emerson and some others had merely blocked out their ideas and left him to fill in the expression.

Our foremost writer of fiction, he remains uncommercialized; our leading literary critic, he has never penned an un-



kind phrase: the Dean of American Letters—by name, by achievement, by acclamation.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS has been relieved of the militant task of weaving wired words into a winged whole for God and Country, and is engaged in the more peaceful pursuit of collecting royalties on "The Mystery." When it is remembered that his duty on the recently departed *Ridgway's* called for his collaboration with fourteen Topsy's—we beg pardon; fourteen editors—it does not astonish us to learn that he adopted "absent" literary treatment in his partnership with Stewart Edward White. We have it on the authority of the publisher that each writer prepared his part of the work independently of the other; that the two parts were then exchanged for criticism and dovetailed so ingeniously that the story appears entirely uniform, although written by two persons.

The Steam Callopie of Letters

ONE had to read the Thaw trial in order to qualify oneself to mix in society, but there is no reason why any thinking being should feel constrained to read Lawson's No. 13 novel unless it is to get points on mixing paint.

Lawson is to letters what the steam callopie is to music. It is an awful thing that he should have leave to print and advertise. Not that we would stop him. No, no; let his preposterous steam blow itself off.

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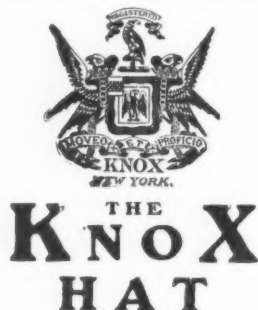


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We Know Too Little About Other Folks

IN *Scribner's Magazine* there is the first of a series of articles on contemporary France by Professor Barrett Wendell. It tells about the French educational system, and is very lively and informing. We hope the succeeding articles will be as good and will be widely read, for we Americans as a group do not know nearly as much about the French people as we should. Indeed, we don't know nearly as much as we ought to know about any of the other civilized folks in the world. What we read, hear and discuss about them are mostly superficialities and gossip.

France is a most important country. Its people and its civilization, their merits and defects, are all important and eminently worthy to be studied and understood by people like us, who are busy trying to work out our own problems of civilization. But Americans, as a rule, know ridiculously little about France and the French, outside of the shops and boulevards of Paris and the improprieties of yellow-covered French literature and comic papers. Some of our friends can tell us about Nice and who was there, and how far it is from Monte Carlo. Others can tell us about the state of the roads in the chateaux country, and we can get good points about the shops, hotels and pleasure places of Paris. But very few Americans penetrate at all into French life. Professor Wendell did. He went to France to deliver lectures in the French universities, and that errand carried him into very intelligent and interesting French society in all parts of the Republic, and kept him there for nearly a year. He is a good observer and a good writer and is himself a cultivated man of energetic mind, so that his reports, judging from the article published, are going to be valuable.

JAMES HUNEKER, author, is once more James Huneker, critic. Perceptive readers of the *Sun* (the adjective is perhaps tautological) have not failed to recognize his adroit hand of late in the elaborate art reviews on the editorial page—and, recognizing it, to rejoice. Mr. Huneker's musical criticisms for the *Sun* linger melodiously in the memory; his dramatic column for that journal was ever diverting. As an art critic—well, you can see for yourself.

THE "call of the city" has been answered by another Westerner, Stewart Edward White, who has abandoned the simple life of his bungalow in California for the hurly-burly of New York. Hamlin Garland, on the other hand, sees little to attract him in the "Great White Way," and, after mature consideration, has decided to take the main-traveled road for Chicago, the American home of Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor.

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The most shapely and beautiful models of this or any previous season in



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with tender skins who suffer from irritation caused by shaving, Milkweed Cream is invaluable. A little well rubbed into the skin each night and applied after shaving will prevent all irritation, soften the beard and make shaving a pleasure.

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VALUABLE RECIPE BOOK SENT FREE

"The History of a Famous Recipe" tells how this incomparable Relish originated, when generous Southern hospitality kept open house. Contains many novel and valuable recipes together with suggestions for serving the relish. We will mail the booklet on request without charge, and give you the name of a dealer in your city who sells Alvord's Old Virginia Corn Relish.

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TWO REASONS WHY

A Government officer recently returned to Washington after an absence of some years abroad. He met an old friend who had been interested in flying machines, and asked:

"Well, Professor, how are you getting along with your aerial machine?"

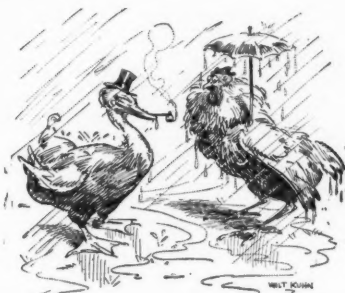
"It is not yet a complete success," the professor said, with a sad smile. "I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

"What are they?"

"I must discover how to get my machine in the air and then how to keep it there."—*Success*.

YOUNG BLOOD: Doctor, what is meant by the "exaggerated ego?"

DOCTOR: That, my boy, is what you had that time you tried to buck the stock market.—*Detroit Free Press*.



The Hen: I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WOULD HAVE A FINE DAY!
"WELL HAVEN'T WE?"

FROM DOOLEY'S "DISSERTATIONS"

"Th' wurruld is full iv crooks," said Mr. Hennessy.

"It ain't that bad," said Mr. Dooley. "An', besides, let us thank Hivin they put in part iv their time cheatin' each other."—*Harper's*.

WHILE dining with friends in Cambridge, Phillips Brooks described with much enthusiasm a college service he had recently attended. "It was an inspiration to see all those young men singing so heartily. Especially they seemed to throw their whole souls into the hymn:

'Am I a soldier of the cross,

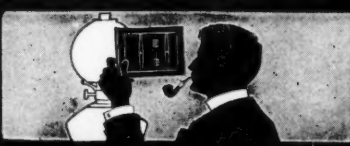
A follower of the Lamb?'

Even Dr. X., the president of the college, sang as if he felt the contagion of inspiration. "Dr. X. sang that?" broke in an incredulous listener. "Does Dr. X. believe that?" "Oh, no," replied Bishop Brooks, quickly, "he was merely asking for information."—*Argonaut*.



Many readers of *The Silent War* welcome it as a friendly warning.

Others angrily denounce it.



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A new paper with all the Velox simplicity but coated on a mellow toned stock that adds breadth and softness to the picture.

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is convenience itself, without surrendering one iota of good form and good taste.

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Macaroni with cheese,
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GENERAL MILES'S THOROUGHNESS

Some years ago General Miles started to drive from Red Lodge, Mont., to Cody, Wyo., to see his friend, Buffalo Bill. The road was rough, and the reckless driving of the man holding the lines made it seem rougher, but the Indian fighter compressed his lips and clung to the seat without complaint. When near Cody, the General suddenly prodded the driver in the back with his walking stick and said curtly: "Driver, turn around."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished driver.

"Do as I tell you," commanded Miles. So the man turned the horses about and started back to Red Lodge.

"Now turn here," ordered Miles, after they had driven a few yards. Convinced that his distinguished passenger had suddenly lost his mind, the driver turned about once more and started for Cody.

"There!" exclaimed Miles, in a tone of satisfaction, as the side wheels struck a stone and he bounded into the air. "You hit it! Now, driver, you can go back to Red Lodge and tell them that you drove seventy-five miles and never missed a rock. You've hit them, every one."—Lippincott's.

AS THE LOGBOOK TOLD IT

The logbook of the average sailing vessel is a mere commonplace record of wind and currents, temperature and speed, with such other entries as are required by law. Among these are statements of mishaps to sailors, records of complaints by the crew, etc. The logbook tales of tremendous episodes are sometimes pitifully meager.

I recall a case which came before the British Admiralty and which I had occasion to watch closely. A vessel had collided with an iceberg, losing her masts and their hamper. Afterward in a tornado she lost her entire crew of eight, leaving the captain only, who was asleep below at the time, but was rescued later, with the ship's log and other papers. The logbook told the story of his terrible experiences thus:

"April 6—Fog. Dead calm. Three-knot current N. N. E. In collision with berg seven bells second dog watch. Masts gone.

"May 10—Gale S. S. E. Heavy sea. Crew gone.

"June 2—Damn near dead.

"June 4—Picked up by Red Star steamship Amsterdam."—Harper's Weekly.

DOG SHOWED APPRECIATION OF GOOD SAMARITAN

A prominent Saginaw physician while making his morning calls a short time ago noticed a dog lying by the roadside with a wounded foot. The doctor, being something of a fancier, stopped and dressed the wound with such facilities as he had at hand, and went on. The next morning, passing along the same street, he again noticed the dog in the same place. He redressed the wound, changed the bandages, and left the animal as he had done before. This again happened the next morning, and also continued for several days.

At last the wound reached the stage of being completely healed and the doctor removing the bandages, patted the dog on the head, saying:

"Well, my good fellow, I guess it's all right now."

The next morning the dog was not there, and he has not been seen since.

Hereafter the doctor will be more ready to believe stories of the almost human intelligence and gratitude of dogs than ever before.—Courier-Herald.

HOME WORK

A little fellow in Altoona, Pa., not long ago hustled into a grocery with a memorandum in his hand.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I want fourteen pounds of tea at twenty-five cents."

"All right," said the grocer, noting down the sale and instructing a clerk to put up the purchase. "Anything else, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. I want thirty pounds of sugar at nine cents."

"Loaf sugar? All right. What else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at twenty cents."

"Anything more?"

"Five pounds of coffee at thirty-two cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at eight cents a pint; two nine-pound hams at twenty-one and a quarter cents and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at twenty-four cents a jar."

"That's a big order," observed the grocer, as he made out the bill. "Your mother wants it charged, or do you pay for it now?"

The boy pocketed the bill. "Mother hasn't a thing to do with this transaction," said he. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."—Success.



are best because they have optically perfect lenses arranged to give extreme wide range of vision. Six styles retail \$2.00 to \$4.00. Liberal discounts to the trade.

Write for illustrated circular.
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FRENCH HUMOR

Often French wit is of the merely absurd sort, like much of our own. Thus it was a French courtier who said of a man famous for obesity that he found himself sitting all around a table by himself. That is really better than our modern American jest on the approaching fat man: "Here comes a crowd."

Even more American in character is the remark of the boasting Gascon, that a man boxed him on the ear—he was buried the next day.

Here is a French joke that is rather English in character: The Marquis de Favères, notorious for his impecuniosity, called on a man of means named Barnard, and said:

"Monsieur, I am going to astonish you. I am the Marquis de Favères. I do not know you, and I come to borrow five hundred louis."

"Monsieur," Barnard replied, "I am going to astonish you much more. I know you, and I am going to lend them."

Yet the typical French story always has a sting in it, like the famous one of the wife who died, which has gone over the world in varying guise. In the village of Poitou a woman fell into a trance. After the Poitevin custom, she was wrapped in a sheet to be carried to the cemetery; but as the procession was passing through a narrow road a thorn of the wayside pierced the sheet, wounded her so that the blood flowed, and she awoke. Fourteen years later the woman really died, and again was borne toward the grave. As the procession passed through the narrow road, the husband called:

"Not so near the hedge, friends! Not so near the hedge!"

Dutch humor and wit are not of a sort to appeal to us often. The people of Holland are rarely sarcastic; their fun-making is of a most ponderous kind. Once on a time a controversy started between Holland and Zealand, and the argument continued for two years. The thrilling question at issue was: Does the cod take the hook, or does the hook take the cod? Let this illustration suffice.—*Marvin Dana, in Lippincott's.*

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

VIVISECTION FROM THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW

Went out for a walk this morning. It was such a beautiful day that I nearly forgot that I had eaten nothing for two days. Saw a nice-looking man and wagged a friendly greeting, but he didn't respond. I suppose he didn't see me. Stopped at a beautiful house, which had a sign, "The Home of the Friendless." Feeling qualified for admission, I applied, but a janitor with a broom chased me away. I forgave him, however, for I suppose he never has been friendless himself. Stopped to watch a man unload a wagon of coal, but he threw a chunk at me and I ran around the corner. Met two small dogs with nice collars. They were out walking with a beautiful young girl. She looked nice, so I approached by degrees and wig-wagged a pleasant good-morning. When she saw me she waved her hands at me, and as I darted under a fence I heard her say: "Oh, why do they let those dreadful little curs wander about the streets?" And she looked like such a nice, friendly girl, too. But perhaps she had not got rested up from the charity ball yet, and so I ought not to feel any resentment against her. Anyway, I suppose I'm not good enough to associate with nice dogs with brass collars and marcelled tails. And yet I'm a friendly, sociable dog, with no bad habits except being poor and homeless, and I can't help that. Ah, this is a queer world!

Finally I met a coarse-looking man, who seemed friendly. He whistled to me and spoke persuasively. At first I didn't trust him, but I thought I might be doing him an injustice, and so I went over and licked his hand and nearly wagged my tail off. Then I knew he had been deceiving me. He grabbed me by the neck and threw me into a covered wagon. Finally we came to a big place, where hundreds of hungry dogs were all penned together, fighting and yelping. They told me it was the dog pound, and that we should all be smothered to death by chloroform. Oh, well, why not die at one time as well as another? And chloroform would be an easy death. No more hunger, no more kicks and cuffs, no more cruel glances. But no, I was not to die that way. A big wagon came and took us all to a great building, away down on the south side. I was put into a cage with a lot of queer dogs. One had both eyes out and another had his tongue cut out and one ear gone. The next day he was going to have his eyes taken out, and the day after he was going to have his legs taken off, one by one. After that they were going to take his nerves out, and then, if he was still alive, they were going to take out his stomach. A nice young man with eyeglasses came in and looked at me admiringly. "We'll take you to-morrow," he said. "I'd like to begin to-day, but I have to go to a dinner early this evening."—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

WIFE: Do you think you'll need all your furs, dearest?
DUMA DELEGATE: Of course; they'll probably send us to Siberia before the session's out.—*Djiescol, St. Petersburg.*

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Japan and China are peculiarly fascinating to the American traveler. The hospitality of their people—the quaint customs, cities, shrines and temples—towering mountains, winding rivers, and beautiful valleys, instill a desire to "stay longer."

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Write for New Speedometer Bulletin

Jones Speedometer, 101 W. 32d St., New York

A PREROGATIVE OF THE PULPIT

Dr. Bacon, a New England clergyman of long ago, was reproached by a friend with some pronunciation which was not "according to Webster."

Webster lived in his parish, and the doughty old divine was not disposed to be snubbed by the dictionary.

"What right has Webster to dictate my pronunciation?" he demanded, haughtily. "He is one of my parishioners, and ought to get his pronunciation from me, and not I from him."—*Youth's Companion*.

ROOSEVELTIAN SPELLING

A small citizen of Springfield, Mass., made out a list of the things he hoped to receive for his approaching birthday, and this is what his fond mamma found recorded as the first item of all:

"Anew testimunt, reversed virgin."—*Lippincott's*.



"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT IM-MENSE FEATHER, MR. BEADLE?"
"I'M TIRED OF SLEEPING ON THE HARD EARTH, AND I WANT TO TRY A FEATHER-BED, FOR ONCE."

A BONANZA

A certain Western Congressman has had disastrous experience in gold-mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to the Western member:

"Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'"

"A 'bonanza,'" replied the Western man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar!"—*Success*.

NOW, WHAT IS A LADY?

There were four of a kind on a corner. Said one of them to the other three:

"Say! yous fellows'll slip up on that some day. Some day yous'll be talkin' like that, and a lady'll come along and she'll knock the face off you."—*Lippincott's*.



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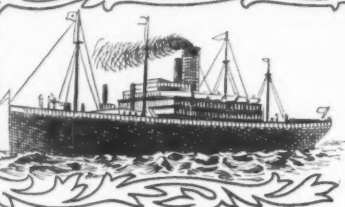
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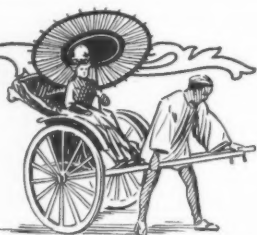
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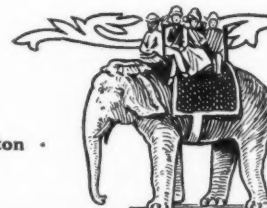


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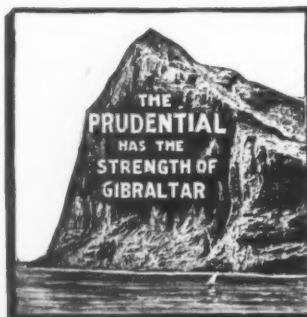
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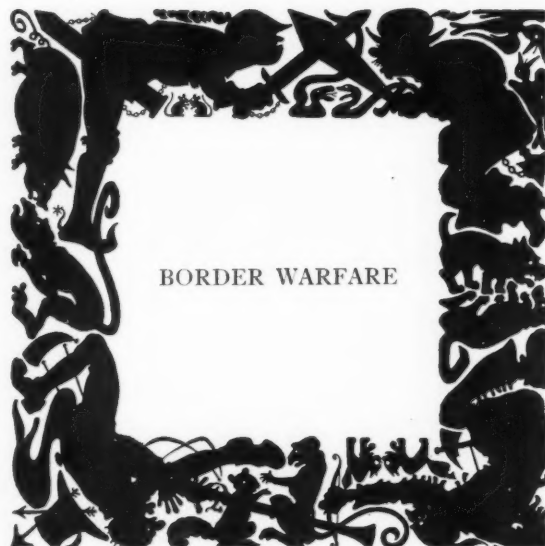
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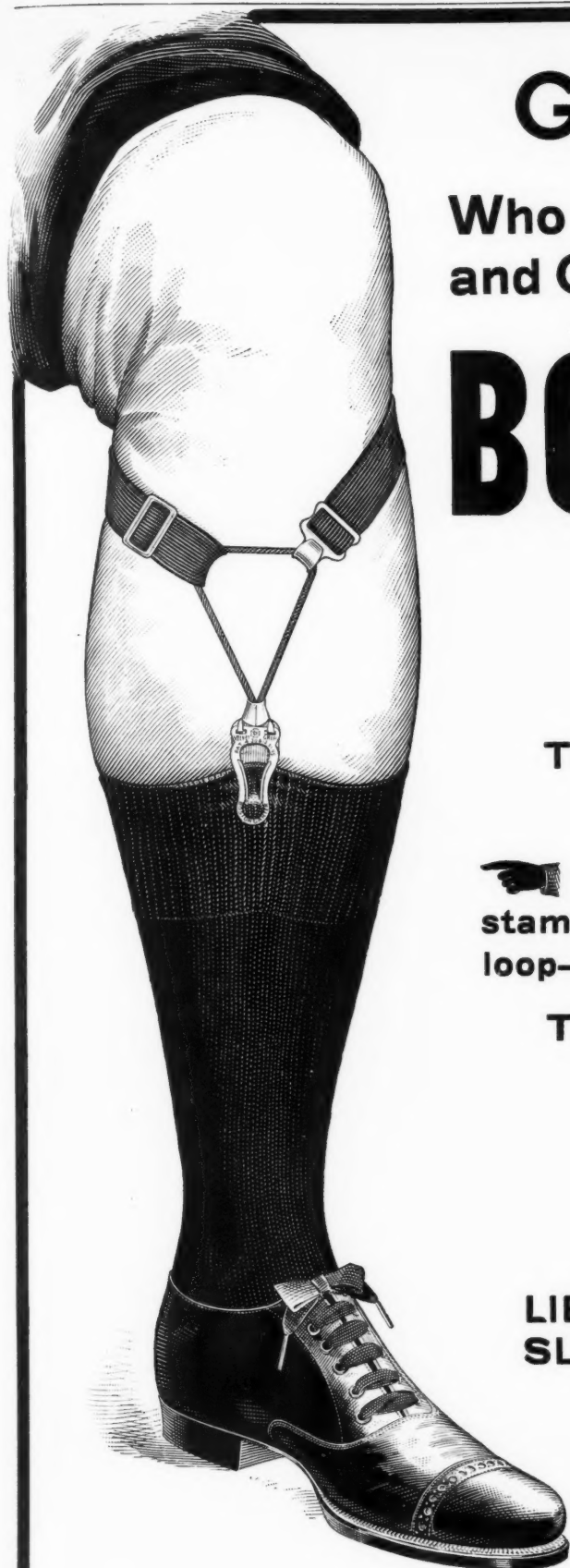
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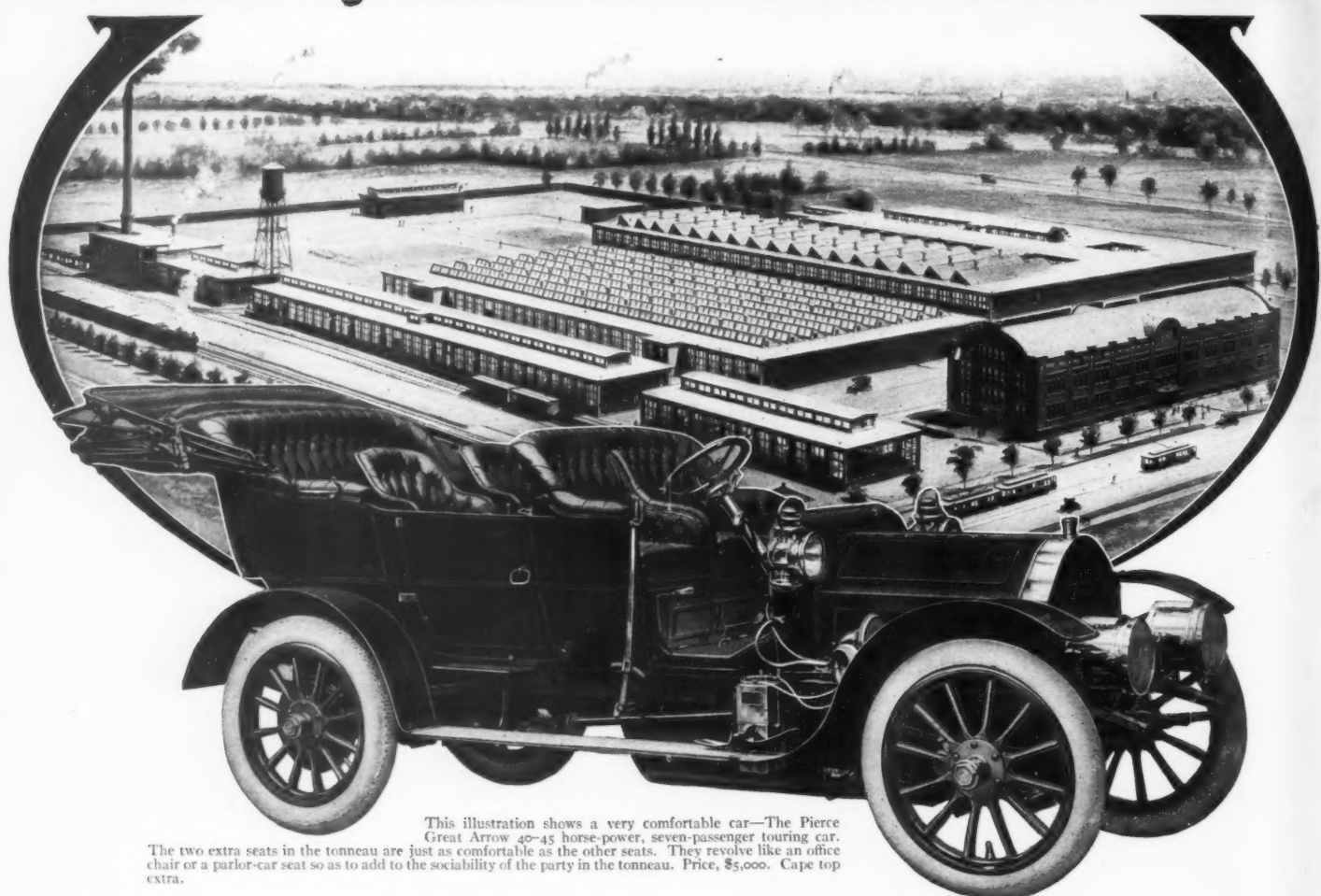
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